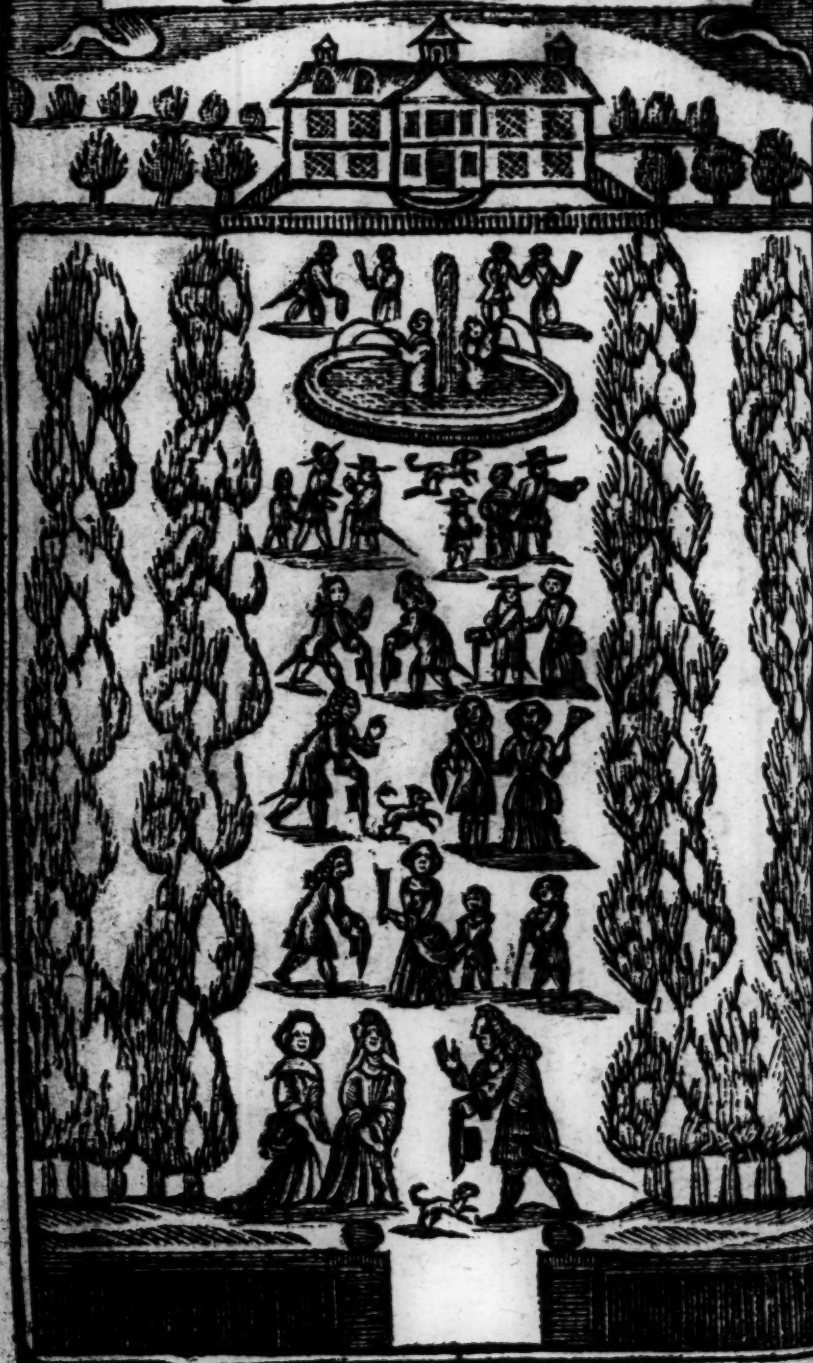


The Garden of Loue



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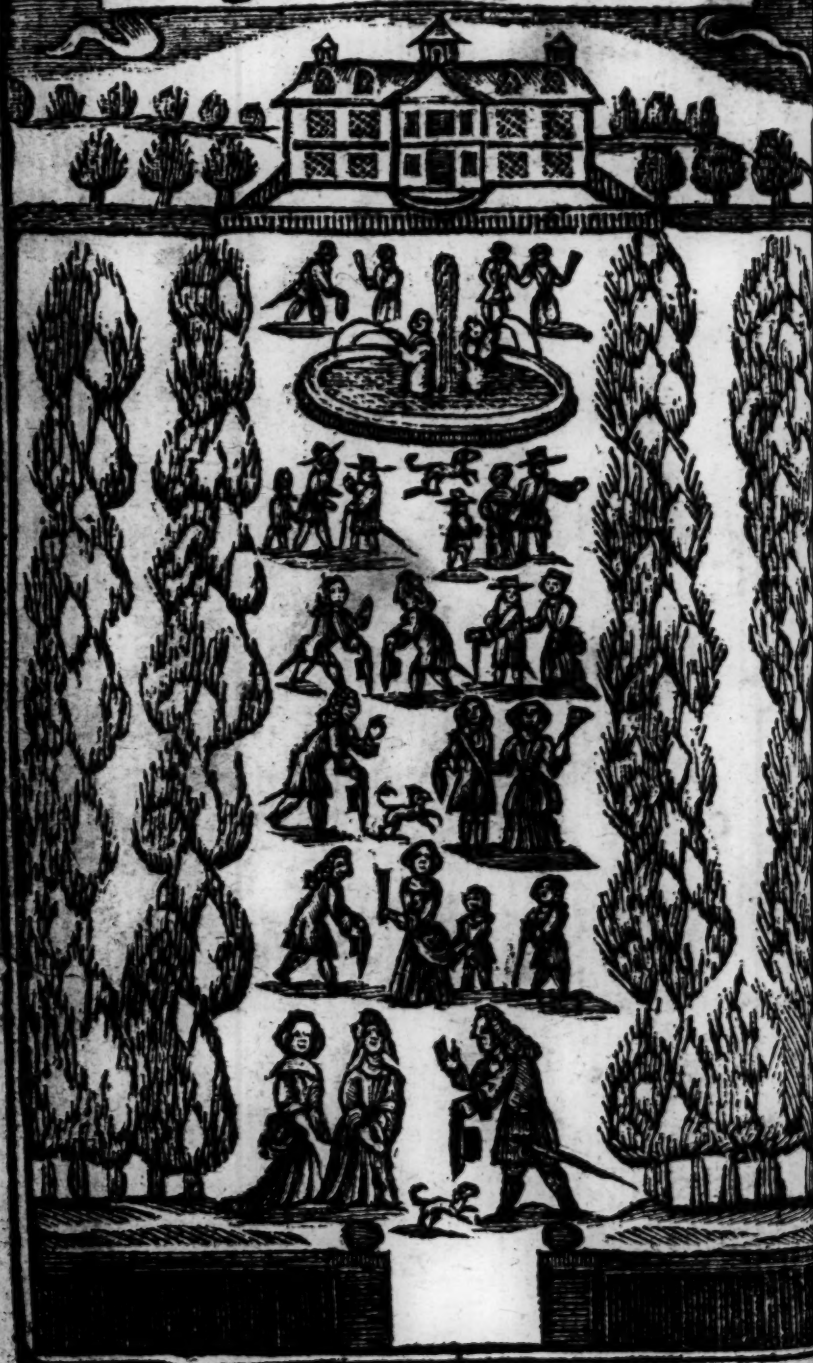
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The Garden of Loue



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Joseph Loring

T H E
Garden of Love,
AND
ROYAL FLOWER
O F
FIDELITY.
A Pleasant
HISTORY.

Written Originally
By Mr. John Reynolds; Author of
God's Revenge against Murder.

Now much Amplify'd by several Hands.

*The Seventh Edition, with Amendments
and Alterations.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for Tho. Norris, at the Look-
ing-glass on London-bridge; and
Martin Boddington, at the Golden-
Ball in Duck-lane, 1720.

Licensed,

March the 16th.
1692.

Rob. Midgley.

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1692

THE
EPISTLE
TO THE
READER.

Courteous Reader,

YOU are here presented with the Garden of Love, and Royal Flower of Fidelity; a Theme always in request by Cupid's Admirers, and never disesteem'd by Heroick Spirits, where Virtue like a skillful Pilot, Steers Prudently: The Conclave of Ingenious Philosophers upon whose Serene Brows Discretion sits Triumphant, do declare their Opinion, That there is no Love equivalent to that which is built upon the Rock of Virtue, and Divine Experience, doth by sacred Examples daily demonstrate to us,

The Epistle to the Reader.

That Desires which exceeds Honours Limits, are always in the Prime of their Hopes, meritoriously Crost by some prejudicial Misfortune : Whereas, on the contrary, Love, Grounded on a Pious Determination, doth not only most flourishingly live in fortunate Prosperity, but likewise dieth in most blisssful assured Felicity.

The Deity at all Times, abhorreth a Disloyal Heart, and with the Events of Contention, Crowneth that Love whose Effects tend to Unfeigned Fidelity : The Rage of Love's Passions are of that Magnitude, that in a manner, all esteem Venus powerful : For First, She, as an indulgent Mother, Predestinateth, and Cupid, as her Obedient Son, striketh whom she Commands. By Nature, all Men are compounded of one Essential Substance, yet being produced under various Planets, Love, with her intricate Authority, doth Exercise her Cruelty more over some, than others, for Beauty hath such Power, and her Power such Virtue, that seldom any Mortal escapes from being sometimes scorched with the ardent Flame of her Tyrannical Prosecutions; as well Potentates as Impotents, fight under the Banner of Beauty, and Cupid, the Paphian Archer, being Blind as soon strikes Robes, as Rags : Art can

never

The Epistle to the Reader.

never wear out the Impression which Nature hath Imprinted, nor Dignities ever avoid that which Divinity setteth down for a Period.

All Men are Subjects to the God of Love; therefore no marvel if powerful Amours so seize the Hearts of Princes, that they build their External Felicity, upon the Embraces of their Sacred Admirers, and lay their Foundation of Hope and Happiness, in being Enroll'd a Servant in their Saint-like Memories. Juvenile Fancies very often shoot at Rovers; yet being once in the Field of Love, Vanquished by the Prospect of some Excelling Beauty, they so render themselves Captive to the Circe's Enchantment of partial Complexions, that they will not only Engage their Constancy for the obtaining of the Hearts Desire, but also lay their Lives at stake, and their Fidelities, for the Establishing of their Breasts Satisfaction: As the Sequel of this History will make manifest.

This Flower is never out of Season, Winter nor Summer, and hath this Virtue in it, being Distill'd into the Heart, it is a Perfect Antidote against Treachery. The Story itself was Penn'd above Forty Years since, by the Author of that Excellent Piece, Entituled, Gods Revenge against the Crying

ing

The Epistle to the Reader.

ing Execrable Sin of Wilful and Premeditated Murder. *It hath had so good a Reception by many, that it hath undergone Six Impressions, which being all wither'd, I have bloomed a Seventh, though much Alter'd, Amended, and Modelled to the Honour of the Age, and will, I make no question, render Satisfaction to the Reader.*

S. N.

THE

THE
GARDEN
OF
LOVE;
AND
ROYAL FLOWER
OF
FIDELITY.

IN the Thrice Renowned Island of *Cicilia* (which being situated in the Center of the *Mediterranean Sea*, is most gallantly embellish'd with the Treasure of *Ceres* and *Flora* (before ever the Pride of tyrannizing *Spain* insulted in those Quarters, there sometimes reigned

a virtuous and valorous King, nam'd *Druyno*, whose Skill in Martial Affairs, and Knowledge in industrious Sciences, did no less daunt the Courage of his profess'd Enemies Abroad, than with Content satisfie the Expectations of his Loyal Subjects at Home.

Having a long Time liv'd with his beautiful Queen *Gratiana* without Issue, being Daughter to *Polydore*, King of *Barbaria*, had at last in his declining Years, when Reason would have induced Men to believe that his hoary Hairs betoken'd an approaching Death, a gallant Son, to the no little Joy of his aged Father, and no less Rejoycing of his Loyal Subjects; who in Congratulation of the Nativity of their young Prince, so magnificently solemniz'd his Birth with such Heroical Triumphs, that all Foreigners being Spectators of their voluntary Grandeur, might justly conclude them to be ravished in an Extasie of Contentation.

The Prince being to be Baptized with such Magnificence as was agreeable to his Royal Extraction, was by his Royal Father and Mother nam'd *Thalmeno*, & being nurs'd with Care, and disciplined in Martial Exercises, he was at the Age of seven Years grown so great a Proficient in the School

of

of *Bellona*, that all the Astrologers at that Time did perfectly Prognosticate, that his Princely Person would at the Age of Reason, undoubtedly merit to be triumphantly Crown'd with the Laureat Garland of *Olympian* Fame.

Beautiful he was of Complexion, more exquisitely resembling *Adonis* than *Paris*: Courteous he was of Demeanour; for his Benignity surpassed the Affability of *Alexander*; and exceeding Discreet he was of Capacity, for from his eloquent Tongue dropt the enchanted Phrases of admired *Demosthenes*. So that as Nature had surpassed her Skill, in framing him outwardly most excellent; Art likewise had bestow'd her chiefest Curiosity in embellishing his Mind with the Prime of ingenious Industry. *Pallas*, if she had heard this Report, would have prais'd his Perfections: *Juno*, if she had view'd his Person, would have forsaken her *Jupiter*; and the *Syrenes* themselves, had they fix'd their Eyes upon his Features, would have withdrawn their Melody from timorous *Ulysses*, and tun'd the Harmony of their Voices to invest only *Thalmeno* their Favourite.

He in the bloomy Spring-time of his tender Juvenility demonstrated so many virtuous

virtuous Actions of his Princely Forwardness, that the King his Royal Father, rendered millions of Thanks to the Sacred *Jehovah*, for Blessing him with so sweet a Son; and his joyful *Cicilians* yielded devout Gratu-
 lations to Goddess *Fortune*, for affording them so gallant an Heir to their flourishing Empire. Which heroical young Prince, being the Map of Modesty, the Patron of Piety, and the Flower of Magnanimity, had no sooner heard Time sound the Fifteenth Year of his Age, but fixed his Mind upon renowned Travel, and did upon the Rock of his valorous Resolutions, so constantly determine to experiment what the Event of his Princely Fortunes might produce, that Youthful, yet Majestical Desires still kindling within the Embers of his heroical Affection, did at last so flame to the absolute Fire of desperate Determination, that, come Life or Death, *Thalmeno* resolved, and in resolving, vow'd to withstand the Blasts of *Boreas*, and pass the Surges of *Neptune*, the better to adorn the Storehouse of his Royal Fancy, with the strange accidental Sights of some foreign Novelties.

But Millions of Doubts began to incumber his aspiring Imaginations; for first, considering, that to depart without leave were

to

to bereave his Father of his only Comfort; and to forsake *Cicilia*, were to withdraw his Staff of Consolation; which Premisses considering, he resolv'd to bury his Military Resolutions in the Grave of Oblivion: so that smothering up the submissive Motives of Obedience in the Concave of Self-will, and pricking forward his Senses with the Dignify'd Spurs of Honour, he lastly resolved, that maugre the Effects of Fortune, or the Treachery of Time, very soon to depart.

But this his private Resolution was not so secretly conceal'd, but the News thereof reach'd the Ears of his Cousin *Palme*, being only Son to *Blithgora* King of Egypt, who being extraordinary well pleased with the Report, could reap no perfect Rest, till he had engag'd himself a Participant of his Cousins adventurous Proceedings: Whereupon finding *Thalmeno* in a desolate Arbour, he very Familiarly discovered to him the News he had heard of his design'd Intentions; which *Thalmeno* no sooner understood, but he was overjoy'd that he had found so Princely a Partner of his future Fortunes, and to the purity of his affectionate Entreaty, most soon condescended: so that each taking a stage, with such Necessaries as were besitting

ting their Voyage, they very closely, in a Night, when the Moon being overshadow'd with obscure Clouds, and seem'd to condescend to their Resolutions, most secretly departed, directing their Course to *Trapani*, one of the chiefest Ports in *Cicilia*; where finding an *Argazil* ready to set sail, bound for the Country of *Arabia*, they instantly imbarck'd themselves, rejoycing that Dame *Fortune* had so soon provided them a speedy Passage, without making the King or the Court acquainted with their Pretensions. Soon were these two tender Princes missing, and for their Absence, what sorrowful Mourning, melancholly Aggravations, and distemper'd Dolefulness was in all places, but especially in the Palace Royal, I refer to the discreet Reader's impartial Censure: And in respect that our History depends not on their Bowailings, but on the adventurous Proceedings of our bloomy young Princes, I will for awhile leave their Sorrows to be comforted by Virtue of Patience, and return again to the Commonwealth of *Nep-tune*, whereon these our Princely Partners sail'd; who appearing upon the Deck, not only reap'd the Pleasure to see the *Armathe* furiously cut the Surges of the Seas, but also enjoy'd the Prerogative of delectable Exhi-

laration,

a laration, in beholding the fruitful Gale fair-
 ly blow the Swan-like Sails from the tall
 Mast: which so long lasted, that in time
 they were fortunately come within know-
 ledge of their desired Port, Whereat the
 whole Company, but especially our two
 young Princes, rejoyc'd; they forthwith
 rendered many millions of Thanks to divine
 Love, that so favourably had blest them with
 wish'd for success: who seeing their *Argazil*
 at an Anchor, and having invested them-
 selves with other Garments, did thereupon
 desire the Master to set them ashore, which
 immediately was accomplish'd; at whose
 triumphant Departure the Mariners let fly
 such a thundring Peal of Ordnance, that the
 Report thereof rebounding from the Con-
 cavity of the clifty Shores, not only made
 these our valorous Martialists tremble, but
 also terrify'd *Bellona* herself, being resident
 in the Citadel of her Celestial Monarch;
 but the smoak being evaporated with the
 freshness of the furious Wind, our Princes
 instantly attain'd the Shore, and royally re-
 warding the Boatswain's Gang, they betook
 not themselves to their desperate Adventures;
 where thro' the *African* Desarts, they soli-
 tarily so long travell'd, that at last, being
 destitute of Food, and not finding where-
 with

with to suffice Nature, in respect these Parts were not inhabited, they passionately tracing these unknown Groves, very lamentably began to exclaim upon the inhuman Disasters of their miserable Calamities; but in vain, for they espy'd no Food to replenish their hungry Appetites, unless to have fed upon unknown Roots, which were not agreeable to their Palates; but hoping e're long to harbour themselves in some homely Cottage, where with rustical Fare they might appease their Hunger: Upon the Foundation of which Hope, advancing their Pace, they at last came to the descent of a deep un'd Valley, where, with a faint Courage, very pensively walking, they through a Thicket of an ancient Forest, espy'd the Architecture of some Domestical Mansion, which to their sorrowful Contemplations, produc'd unexpected Encouragement; but resuming Courage to themselves, thereunto directed their Course, where, being, to the outward Gate arriv'd, they beheld a famous Castle, but so solatary situated in the Center of the Forest, that the Wind piercing most dolefully through the Branches of the lofty Cedars, made such a mournful Murmur, that the Dolefulness thereof drove our two young Princes into a fit of Effeminate Despair;

pair; but at last, Hunger so far constrain'd
 them, they resolv'd to enter; where opening
 the outward Gate, they past the first
 Court without espying any; and enrring
 the second, they beheld a delicious Court,
 most ingeniously pav'd with curious Mar-
 ble, which very stately was circumferenc'd
 with a sumptuous arch'd Gallery, propt up
 by Pillars of bright shining Alabaster; cast-
 ing their Eyes a small distance, they espy'd
 a Lady, sweet and amiably, who under the
 shady Leaves of a Fig-tree, sat recreating
 her Senses with the sweet sound of a well-
 tun'd Lute, to which she joyn'd her ravish-
 ing Voice, and harmoniously breath'd out
 these sorrowful Verses:

*O! gentle Sleep, thou easer of my Woes,
 softly and quickly let my Eyes dispose
 themselves to pleasing Slumbers, that I may
 in Dreams possess those Joys deny'd by day:
 Oys, which if real, were to that degree,
 great, were only fit for Gods, not me:
 When since Prince Mædor does no pay take,
 let me but dream, I'd never wish to wake.*

The which, as soon as she had ended,
 repeating over divers Times the Name of
 Mædor, one might easily perceive many
 Crystal

Crystal Tears distill down her Vermillion Cheeks, as also hear many deep Sighs which her perplext Heart sent forth; as Testimonials of her tormented Passions, and therewithal lifting up her Eyes towards the Seat of her Celestial Maker, being overwhelmed with too many insupportable Sorrows, she instantly fainting to the Ground fell into a dangerous Trance. Which Tragical Object our two Princes perceiving hastily stept to her Assistance, and raising her from the flowry Bank whereon she fell, they us'd such preservative Means for her Recovery, as their unskilful, though willing Industry could afford them; that in Time, by good Fortune she again recover'd; and seeing these two Strangers before her, she was surpriz'd; and having Anger seated on her Brow, utter'd these Words:

‘ **G**entlemen, (for so your Aspects invite me to term you) if you knew how divinely quiet I endur’d this deadly Slumber into which I was entred I absolutely know, or at least believe that in Equity and Reason, you would have refrain’d from disturbing me, and permitted me to reap the Benefit of my

my Consolation; but since Things past cannot be recall'd, because Accidents once produc'd, do soon fly far, having Time's Wings, I will, on Condition you immediately depart, for this your first Offence, not esteem you guilty. I have here wholly betaken myself to Sorrowfulness, and have long since devoted my Zeal to the Shrine of Disconsolation; my Desire is neither to see nor be seen, but rather to lead the Pilgrimage of my Life from the Sight of any, This solitary Place I have elected for my Habitation; and here, unless Death prevent my Premeditations, I resolve to wait the return of a dear Friend of mine, which inconstant Fortune many Months hath detain'd from me. I, in reality hate the Sight of any, and for his Sake loath the Prospect of all. Therefore, at the Request of a sorrowful Lady, I beseech you delay not to depart, that according to my accusom'd manner, I may sincerely, upon the Altar of his Absence, devoutly sacrifice my affectionate Sighs, in token, that till Death, in the Garden of my Maiden Amity, the semblance of his self, and *Idea* of his Perfections, shall, to my everlasting Comfort, immortally flourish.

The

The Princes with attentive Ears listned to the Effect of her Speeches, and having both very lowly made their Obeysance *Thalmeno* address'd himself to her.

M Adam, If our sudden Arrival hath prejudic'd your sorrowful Devotions, or detain'd you from performing those Vows to him, who is happier than any of his Fellow-Creatures, in being belov'd by so much Virtue as dwells in you; we are ready to acknowledge our Defect in being so presumptuous, and express our Sorrow; but since the Purity of our Pretence may plead for the Excuse of our Rudeness, and the Innocency of our Resolutions, crave Remission for our Boldness, we doubt not, but when hearing our sorrowful Relation, you will in Equity afford us your gracious Pardon, and bury all our Offences in the Grave of Oblivion.

To give you an Account, Madam, of our Extraction: We are both Princes, the one Heir apparent to the Crown of *Egypt*, and the other to the Diadem of *Cicilia*; our Names *Palmo* and *Thalmeno*, who in the Prime of our Minorities, re-

solv'd to Travel, and so privately embarking ourselves, without Leave of our Royal Parents, we of late arriv'd in the next bordering Harbour; since which Time, as faithless and erroneous Fortune guided us, we stray'd into an unknown Desert, where these three Days we have dangerously travell'd, without finding Sustenance to relieve our Hunger; so that at last, ranging the solitary Forests, we fortunately arriv'd to this your Castle: Our Design, Madam, is not to incur your Indignation, but earnestly to implore your Relief, that in paying the Debt we owe to Nature, we may avoid the tyrannizing Empire of Death, which most inhumanly doth now begin to reign over us; which if your gentle Pity extends itself so far, we shall continually remain Servants both to your Bounty and Beauty; and, till the Period of Death, hold the Term of our Lives as again repurchased by your Majestical Merits, and likewise depart when it shall please you to command us.

The Lady pondering upon these deorable Speeches, very soon conceiv'd in her Breast a Motion of Relaxation, secretly

cretly inspiring her to entertain them with all agreeable Curiosity : So that taking them kindly by the Hand, she conducted them to a very sumptuous Dining-room and commanding her Virgins to furnish the Table with such as her solitary Habitation could afford ; they very orderly without any prolix Ceremonies, fell hungrily to their Meat ; till Repast being done, and the Princes satisfied ; *Thalmen* still burning with Desire to know the effectual Cause of this Lady's desolate Retirement, with a Princely Grace, continu'd his precedent Discourse.

‘ Madam, If the Repetition of your
 ‘ Misfortunes renew not your Grief, or
 ‘ the Display of your Sorrows increas
 ‘ not your Disconsolations, I should
 ‘ esteem it a great Happiness, might
 ‘ obtain so much Favour at your fa
 ‘ Hands, as to inform us why you mak
 ‘ this Desert your domestical Mansio
 ‘ and the Occasion, why, with numb
 ‘ less Sighs, you repeat the Name of *Ma
 ‘ dor*. Indeed, Madam, so much Beau
 ‘ and Divine Perfections should rather
 ‘ fit a Monarch's Court than a rural Ha
 ‘ tation, and a Prince's Bed than a P

gri

grim's Cottage; but Experience teaches us, that all are subject to Fate, and none exempted from Adversity; for as soon the Prince as the Peasant, the Lady of Honour as the poorest Virgin, are or may be cross'd with Cupid's Darts, the Sting of Sorrow, or the Tyranny of Misfortune; therefore dear Madam, if any of these offensive Accidents have befallen you, with the Sovereign Salve of Patience to mollify your Passions, and raze out your Sorrows, that the Residence of Aggravation may not over-top the Blossoms of your flourishing Juvenility, and so tragically bring yourself to the untimely End of a desperate Martyrdom.

Prince *Thalmeno* having ended his speech, the Lady made him this Answer.

Most virtuous Prince, I will inform you, that I have long since loved a noble Cavalier, his Name I shall forbear mentioning, by reason the Motive will renew the Birth of my accustomed Disconsolateness, yet in respect you shall not condemn me of perverse Ingratitude, I will, if you please
to

to attend my Arrival, go to my Closet
and there constrain my trembling Pen to
set forth the Secrets of his Mistresses Sor-
rows, and in effect, to discover the sole Hi-
story of my, as yet, tragical Misfortunes.

Our two young Princes rejoycing at this
great Favour, accepted of her kind Pro-
fer; and so having familiarly saluted each
other, she immediately departed to her
Closet; but by that time an Hour was
spent, the Lady descending the Stairs, pre-
sented herself to their Views, delivered
herself in this short Speech.

Most Renowned Princes! to satisfy
your earnest Demands, here take
this Scroll, wherein, though rudely, yet
sincerely, I have demonstrated the Cause
of my Retirement, and penn'd down the
Griefs which in Heart I do more than fo-
rowfully endure. My present Wealth is
such, as I cannot afford you many Gifts
yet, as a Testimony of my zealous Affec-
tion toward you, take this Provision, and
small Sums of worthless Gold to supply
your Necessities, when any future Occasion
shall present. What incommodious En-
tertainment you have met withal in this
Castle

Castle, I pray forget with Favour, or what is wanting of Respect in me, I beseech you remit with Partiality, in recompence whereof, I will sacrifice my devout Prayers for the establishing of your Prosperity, and beseech Heaven to send you a most fortunate and safe Return; in hope whereof, betaking you to your Journey, and myself to my accustomed Cell of Solitariness, I most dolefully, in all Honour, take my sorrowful Leave.

Thalmeno and *Palmo* receiving the Scroll, with Tears in their Eyes, kiss'd her mournful Cheeks, and so rendring her Millions of Thanks for their unmerited courteous entertainment, most sorrowfully departed, directing their Course to a very high Mountain, whose Top having attained, they burnt with desire to peruse the Scroll, that at last, casting themselves on a green Bank, embellish'd with the Essence of many diademed Flowers, under the Covert of a stately pine-tree, whose Branches were likewise apparell'd with a Summer's Vesture; taking the Scroll, and opening it, found these verses contained in it.

B

Admired

Admired Princes! for your virtuous
 and heroick Qualities, being you
 have requested my abrupt Muse, to relate
 to you the Occasion of this my solitary
 Retirement; know valorous Princes, I am
Florina, the only Daughter of *Agenor*
 King of *Numidia*; who attaining to the
 perfect Age, wherein Nature seems to
 triumph in the delectable Pleasures of
 Nuptial Ceremonies, I was sought for
 in Marriage by divers Princes, both of
Africa and *Europe*; whereof, as the King
 my Father affected some for their private
 Wealth, so others I hated for their
 publick Enormities, in such sort that
 being plain, I could not esteem of any
 whom I was contented to finish the
 remainder of this my terrestrial Pilgrimage
 by virtue whereof, I some two Years
 remained without either fixing my Eyes
 upon the Influence of Love, or ever de-
 voting my Breast to the Shrine of A-
 ction. But at last, *Cupid* stormed at my
 Liberty, and *Venus* at my single Esteem
 acknowledging that there was no
 but Love, nor no Paradise but the Plea-
 sure of Marriage, they so bent their
 vective Ambition against my Innocence

that at last, by the Means of *Fortune*, which had likewise intruded herself in the Union of their Simpathy, they unexpectedly, to my Father's Court, sent a lovely young Prince, named *Medor*, being Son and Heir to *Orlando* King of *Biafara*, which Prince being penetrated with the flying Report of my worthless Person, came to *Numidia*, to protest himself my Servant; upon whose beautiful Aspect I no sooner fix'd my Eyes, but I immediately felt the Flames of Fancy sparkle within my tormented Breast. On the other side, Prince *Medor* so often frequented our Royal Palace, that at last, if his Protestations were unfeigned, he reposed his Bliss in my Beauty, and reaped his chiefest Pleasure in enjoying my desired Presence: So that Time did, by reason of many amorous Glances, so firmly unite our Affections with a combin'd Ratification, that in few Days I became Mistress of his Thoughts, and he Master of my Imaginations.

But now despitiful Destiny began to display Part of his Infidelity, for the News of this our late Familiarity being noised throughout the Court, did at last arrive to the King, my Father's Ears,

who raging at this unexpected Event, by
 reason he bore Malice to *Orlando Prince*
Medor's Father, resolv'd not only to nip
 the Blossoms of this our tender Affections
 in the *April* of their Minority, but also to
 blast the Buds of our Love in the Spring-
 time of their Juvenility; in pursuance
 whereof, sending for Prince *Medor* be-
 fore him, so check'd him up with thun-
 dering Threats, and frown'd at him with
 invective Speeches, that in short, though
 Prince *Medor* began with a pithy Ora-
 tion to plead for himself, and in his De-
 fence to descant upon his unmerited Cru-
 elty; he not only commanded him to
 Silence, but also charged him to depart
 the Territories of his Kingdom.

Ah infortunate Sentence for so sweet
 a Prince! and most infortunate, because
 being constrained to depart, he left me
 desolate in the stormy Surges of Perplex-
 ity! Then after the King my Father, had
 bereaved me of this my Princely Lover
 within whose Breast I reposed my Happi-
 ness, being not appeased with this In-
 humanity, but still severely determining
 to invest me with the Recognizance of
 his Wrath, he so cruelly used me, and
 unnaturally restrained my Liberty, that

coul

could not one Minute reap Repose of my Imaginations, but continually lived in a most tormented Calamity; in respect whereof, sacrificing my Oraisons upon the Altar of Prince *Medor's* Absence, and devolving my Contemplations to the beautiful *Idea* of his Excellencies, accounting Courtly Joys vain glorious Trifles, and a Princely Life a splendid Misery, in a Cymmerian Night, which seemed to allow of my Resolutions, I departed the Court, and betook myself to the Establishing of so sorrowful a Life: So at last, *Fortune* resolving to assist me in my Misery, very happily made me retire hither; which solitary Castle doth so correspond with my mournful Fancy, that for the ardent Affection which I bear Prince *Medor*, I firmly resolve either here to attend his expected Arrival, or else to finish my days in manifestation of my Fidelity. Therefore, Dear Princes, attribute my Disobedience to my Parents a favourable Censure, and I resolve, that what my Pen prescribeth, my Capacity shall perform; that is, immortally to remain faithful to Prince *Medor*, or everlastingly unfriendly to myself.

Which Scroll they had no sooner perused, but pitying the Estate of the solitary Lady, they instantly vowed to range the Confines of *Africa*, in re-searching Prince *Medor*, that by their friendly Diligence, *Florina* from her deplorable Condition might be delivered: by virtue of which infus'd Resolution, raising themselves from the verdant Grass, they at last, with familiar Amity, prosecuted their Journey in such a pleasant manner, that *Phæbus* adorning the Day with his radiant Beams, they traversing many lofty Mountains, and pleasant Valleys; at last, towards the Approach of drowsy *Vesper*, arrived to a silver Fountain o'er-veil'd with a Canopy of a sprouting Cypress, who frizzling his curled Locks, took this Crystal Spring to be his reflective Mirror, whereon, with *Narcissus*, delighting to gaze, he continually trimmed himself in his verdant Jollity. Many Angelical Nymphs they likewise saw circumferencing this Fountain in a Dance, who, resembling *Daphne*, had their splendid Hair dallying with the Nectar-Breath of amiable *Zephyrus*, being all apparell'd in Crimson Robes embroider'd with Lillies and Cowslips, who no sooner beheld our two Cavaliers approaching

proaching, but thinking that the Shepherds and Satyrs had sent them as Spies, thereby to intrap them in some treacherous Ambuscado, they forthwith flew through the Thickets, far swifter than ever did *Atalanta*, when she ran with *Hippomanes*: Our Princes seeing this amorous Troop fled, were exceeding sorrowful that their Arrival hindred their Pastimes, so that saluting them with a shrill Hollow, and perceiving none returned, they instantly fate them down upon the Brim of the Fountain; where gathering many *Dafadillies* and other Flowers, they dipping in the orient Water, therewith besprinkled their Faces to refresh their Spirits; so long, till reflecting their sight upon the Excellency of the neighbouring Pasture, they at last espy'd a verdant Tent, on whose lofty Turret a Snow-white Ensign flourish'd in the Air; whereat admiring, because they could not conjecture what this delightful Object signified, they then both very joyful directed their Course thither; which no sooner they approached, but they perceived it to be an *Eglantine* Bower, bespread with *Colombines* and *Damask-Roses*, so that burning with Desire to survey every Part of it, they at last resolutely entred; where a snowy Beagle, with

Argus Eyes, vigilantly saluted them with his shrill barking Note; which arousing a Nymph his Mistress from her Repose, at this unexpected Alarm began to tear thro' the Bower.

But *Venus* and *Diana*, having metamorphos'd their fore-past Malice to a future Sympathy, so ordain'd, that her Amber Locks should be entangled in the *Eglantine* Briars; whereat our Princes taking hold of her loose Garments, did, notwithstanding her Force, compel her to stay; but the Nymph thinking them to be *Apollo* and *Jove*, who had descended from Heaven to ravish her Virginity on Earth, bitterly cry'd out, and miserably tore the Tresses of her Hair in a Rage, the which our Princes perceiving, with fair exhortative Speeches began to appease her Aggravation, requesting her only to conduct them to some adjoining Cottage, where for that Night they might assuredly rest in some peaceful Tranquility. Whereat this jolly Nymph raising herself from the Earth, and returning them Millions of Thanks, bedecking her Lilly Countenance with a Cherry Complexion, very freely conducted them through the Woods and Forests, where many Troops of lightfooted Satyrs ran before; as triumphant

phant Heralds to proclaim them Passage;
 so long, till radiant *Titan* flying the *Zenith*
 of our Horizon to light the obscure *Anti-*
podes, she at last brought us to a sumptuous
 Palace, whose Pyramids and Towers loftily
 presumed to elevate their Tops in the A-
 zure Skies; the glorious Sight whereof,
 made them to conjecture it to be that ad-
 mired Palace of *Felicia*, so much dignified
 by the Pens of civil and prophane Poets;
 for the Walls were of glistering Alabaster:
 the Gates of pure Cryстал, the Pavement of
 black Jet, intermix'd with azur'd Marble,
 the Battlements of refined Gold, the Arches
 of stately Porphyre, the Windows of trans-
 parent Diamonds, beset with Carbuncles
 and Saphires, and the Roof of Vermillion
 Coral, wrought Checkerwise, with orient
 Guards of Silver: The interior Lineaments
 owed nothing in correspondence to the out-
 ward Edifice; for the Portals and Galleries
 were of white Ivory, the Bedsteads of cla-
 rent Amber, the Coverlids and Curtains of
 green Damask, imbossed with Emeralds and
 Chrysolites, and the the Tapestry of Grim-
 son Velvet embroider'd with Amethysts and
 Pearl: In the spacious Court and delicious
 Bowers which *Flora* had adorn'd with the
 Treasures of her painted Drapery were

likewise many curious Fountains, some convey'd thither by the instinct of Nature, and others they erected by the ingenuity of Art. There you might have seen *Diana* rais'd aloft upon a stately Pillar, with a Bow in one Hand, and a Banner, wherein was character'd *Chastity* in the other; from whose Alabaster Paps the Water sweetly distilling, was by her Nymphs in Chrystal Vessels receiv'd, and so artificially convey'd to the Fountains Center: And also another, where *Pallas*, *Minerva*, and *Juno*, do from their beauteous Breasts rain Veins of Water upon the Faces of *Daphne* and *Philomela*; the which entring their Coral Lips, do distil to the Concavity of their ChrySTALLINE Paps, from whence with a stern Countenance they furiously spout it in the Eyes of inhumane *Jupiter*, and lustful *Tereus*: Also upon the Borders of these Fountains are growing many fruitful Fig-Trees, whereon artificially range divers harmonious Birds, whose celestial Musick, according with the Waters murmur, doth yield forth many ravishing Tunes of Angelical Melody; so that there wanted no Ornaments to make this sumptuous Palace a Terrestrial Paradise: it was impaled with lofty Cedars, fenced Draw-bridges,

bridges, and impregnable Bulwarks, as also circumferenced with curious Rivers, within whose silver Streams many snowy Swans most pleasantly imbathed themselves; so that our two Princes with their Nymph, being arrived to this dignified Palace, were forthwith met by an ancient Matron, who seeming to be the Lady thereof, very kindly bad them Welcome: Her Habit of a Sable Hue, having her snowy Hair hanging down her Face, her Beauty seem'd to be nipt by Age; yet in the Lineaments of Complexion lay furrowed the Anatomy of an indifferent Countenance: The Arches of her sorrowful Eyes were over-veil'd with a crimson Dye, from out whose Conduits it appear'd many brinish Tears had had their Issue; which desolate Lady, after having had some Conference with these our unknown Princes, and perceiving how the Zeal of their youthful Resolutions were devoted to Travel, she with a faint Voice deliver'd herself.

‘ **C**ourteous Friends, for such I hope
‘ you are, fear not to enter this Pa-
‘ lace, but advance with Freedom; for
‘ your Eyes shall be presented with such
‘ delightful Objects, as shall both please
‘ your

your Thoughts, and solace your Contemplations.

Whereat she abruptly broke off, and so as fast as she could, fled to the Forests. Our Princes seeing the sudden Departure of this ancient Lady, exceedingly admired what this unlook'd for Novelty meant; but at last arming their Resolutions, with Courage, as also seeing the fable Night begin to o'er-veil the Element with Obscurity, taking leave of their Nymph, they boldly entred, where no sooner they had past the outward Gate, but they were forthwith met by two glorious Virgins, who saluting them with a smiling Countenance, arm in arm most lovingly conducted them to a stately Theatre, where they beheld many amorous Ladies and Cavaliers circumfencing themselves in a Dance: Having here for a while fill'd their Eyes, they then by the Ladies were conducted to a very rich Bed-Chamber, where divers frolicksome Sparks were unchastly courting their beauteous Mistresses, and in such an indecent manner that *Vesta*, nay, *Venus* herself, could scarce refrain from blushing at their immoderate Familiarity. Being gluttred with variety of unchast Prospects, they were

were at last, by many radiant Tapers light-
ed to their Chambers; where, to pass away
the tediousness of the Night, two lascivious Ladies were proffer'd to bear them
Company; but our young Princes, altho'
ardently tempted with carnal Enchant-
ments, had their immoveable Resolution
character'd upon Honour's Foundation, and
not accepting of this unexpected Civility,
very virtuously craved their Absence;
when thinking to repose themselves, they
were instantly again solicited by two ten-
der Virgins, who bringing two Ivory Lutes
in their Hands, with their melodious Mu-
sick, thought to lull their Premeditations
asleep; their Breasts were nakedly un-
mask'd to the Spectator's Eye, where one
might apparently behold their Alabla-
ster Paps swell and sink at an instant, as
being inspired with the luxurious Wind of
unsatiable Desire. Immodest Smiles they
had at command, and with the *Hyena* their
Eyes darted forth a prejudicial Summons;
their Garments were both gay and loose, in
all things fitly corresponding with their in-
ward Qualities; and their glittering Locks
most viciously sported with their Chrystal
Complexions, as the amiable Fetters of
Lust to enchant the Approaches.

But

But neither their *Syren* deceitful Melody, their venomous Glances, nor their alluring lascivious Gestures, could either with *Circes*, charm the Genius of our Princes, or else, with *Medea*, inchant their Generosity to range beyond the Bounds of Modesty; but like two religious Pilgrims, they valorously fought against vicious Concupiscence, and ardently devoted their Zeal to the Shrine of Virtue: So that not regarding their Smiles, nor esteeming of their Temptations, they resolutely thrust them out of their Chamber, and so securely locking and bolting the Door, betook themselves to rest.

But *Morpheus* had not long detained their Spirits in delicious slumber, but having contracted his Influence with the instinct of *Celestial Deity*, they were in the depth of their Nocturnal Sleep aroused by a hideous Clamour, which rattled in the Palace with such a thundring Noise, as if the Fabricks, nay, Foundation thereof were subject to a sudden Revolution; grievous Groans were plenty, Cries were common, and all diverted to such a tempestuous confused *Chaos*, as if the *Atlas* of the World had in the vivacity of his Fury summoned the Confines of the Earth to the dreadful Day of Judgment: Whereat our two young Princes,

Princes, as having their obtuse Senses re-
pleted with Fear, and their Heroical Forti-
tude daunted with Pusillanimity, instantly
left their Beds, as if they had been transcen-
ded to the infernal Concavity of obscure
Acheron; thinking that their Glass of Life
was already run, and that inhumane *Thanat-*
os had now taken his tyrannical Darts in's
Hand to finish the Period of Terrestrial Ca-
tastrophes. But, whilst being thus in the
supposed way to Destruction, behold, there
instantly appeared to them a delectable
Dwarf, apparel'd in Crimson, which to
evaporate their timorous Despair, with an
angelical Voice pronounced these Lines.

Fly Vice, fly Sin, fly earthly Vanity.
And with a Martial Courage Fear displace;
Detract no Time, but with Celerity, (Face,
Come, view the Beauty of Dame Virtue's

Our Princes seeing this pretty Pigmy, and
with advised Deliberation pondering upon
the Etymology of his Speeches, could not
at first refrain from being astonished; but at
last ruminating more seriously which way
to elect for their Security, they both at last
resolv'd to follow the tender Guide, there-
by to free themselves from the Peril of
this

this Stratagem: Upon which Resolution arming their Courage with Magnanimity, they, as having *Pegasian* Wings, flew thro' the Courts, directing their Pace to a lofty Mountain, from whence they espied this glorious Palace to be suddenly swallow'd up in the Earth's Concavity, and in such an admired manner, that no appearance of Foundation remain'd, but was utterly raz'd out, as if the Being thereof had never been there erected: Which prospective Accident our Princes could not at first believe, but instantly thereupon surmis'd that their Eyes and Imaginations had been deluded with Invasions. The Dwarf perceiving their doubtful Perplexities, ran away from them and to comfort their Passions, the old forlorn Lady, which they first met, again presented herself to their Views; and so, after having lowly saluted them, very mournfully uttered this Speech.

MY Sons, *says she*, my Name is *Virtue*, who of my own Authority have invented this Tragedy for your Advantage; the glorious Mansion which you have seen destroyed, was the Palace of Folly, wherein only remained the Imps of luxurious Iniquity; who pam-

pering

pering up lustful *Cythera*, were always Persecutors of chaste *Diana*; my Society they ever disdained, and contumeliously smother'd my Temples with the Contagious Incest of Debauchery; amongst which diabolical Regiment *Perjury* was familiar, *Swearing* no Sin, *Pride* a Pearl, *Lust* a Lord, *Ambition* a Saint, and *Treachery* a Goddes; but now, my Sons, their immoderate Pride is past, their unchaste Desires extenuated, their fanatical Oaths drowned, their aspiring Ambition evaporated, their graceless Treachery abolish'd, nay, and all their obscene Actions with themselves, utterly destroy'd, and furiously sent to the infernal Pit of everlasting Perdition; therefore beware by their subtle Devices, and let the Mirror of their Misfortunes serve as an Instance to impale you within the Circumference of Piety; and to the end, that being absent, you may still ponder and premeditate upon Exhortations; here take this Paper, and observe such divine Counsel as I have therein prescribed.

Which having said, she in the twinkling of an Eye elevated herself in the Air, and so a Cloud o'erveiling her in the Cincture of his Embracements, she immediately vanished.

Our

Our Princes astonished hereat, took up the Paper, and opening it, found these Rules contained in it.

1. **B**uild the Foundation of thy Faith upon Purity and Piety, that thy Zeal be not eclipsed with the Contagion of Idolatry, but rather perfumed with the sweet Incense of Sincerity.

2. Let devout Prayers be a Mediatrix between Heaven and thyself : for it is the most assured Step to obtain Felicity.

3. Conceal thy Secrets in the Closet of thy Breast, lest rashly displaying them to others, thou produce the Prejudice of thine own Tranquility.

4. Fly Ambition, as the Poison of the Sense ; and detest Envy, as the Canker of thy Contemplations.

5. Gaze not on Beauty, lest it ingender Repentance ; but loath a lascivious Courtesan, as the Scourge of Iniquity.

6. In thy Actions be faithful ; lest being blemish'd with Reproach, thou impair thy Reputation.

7. Honour thy Prince as God's Anointed ; and if Occasion present, live and die for thy Country.

8. Detest vain glory, as the Venom of Sin, and abolish Superstition as the Cloak of Ungodliness.

Which

Which having read, and knowing the sacred Influence thereof tended to the establishing of their Celestial Tranquility, they so imprinted it in their Memories, as it naturally should serve for a fenced Circumference, to retain them within the Confines of Piety; so as triumphing that Fortune had presented them with so sacred an Instance, they very joyfully departed. But when *Aurora*, the Daughter of *Thetis*, had no sooner kipp'd from the Bowers of *Neptune*, and saluted the Excellency of transplendent *Phæbus*, but our Princes afresh prepared themselves for their Journey: When early in the purpled Morn, when radiant *Titan* begins to give his Welcome to the verdant Mountains; the Satyrs, Fawns, and Nymphs danced thro' the Forests, and doleful *Philomela* warbled forth her Tragedy; they were by a soft Wind, which caused the tender Leaves to quaver, made acquainted with the pleasant sound of a ravish'd Cornet; the delicious tripple Echo whereof, redoubling through the thickness of a curled Grove, there next adjoining, gave such a graceful Harmony to the aforesaid Melody, that our Princes were perforce constrain'd to find out the said unknown excellent *Orpheus*, to the

the end he might for a while recreate their
 distemper'd Senses, with the rare exquisite-
 ness of his praise-worthy Art : And so direct-
 ing their Courses by their attentive Ears
 they at last arrived to the Prospect of a fair
 Valley, in the midst thereof ran most lei-
 surely a silver Stream, whose Banks in equal
 distance were beset with fruitful Limon
 Trees; on the Branches whereof, they might
 afar off espy the yellow Citrons naturally
 growing; Which delightful pleasant Pro-
 spect so well contented their youthful Im-
 aginations, that immediately they bent their
 Course directly to the said Arboury; where
 entering, they espied this famous Musician,
 a beautiful young Boy, apparell'd in white,
 and crowned with a Laurel Garland, and
 set upon a flow'ry Bank, close by the River's
 side, unto whose Melody most attentively
 list'ning, they at last in a fragrant Bower of
Eglantine, espied an aged Father, which as
 it seem'd by the Furrows of his Face, had
 in his tender Years endured many distastful
 Calamities; his Habit was of black Sables,
 which reaching not so low as his Knees,
 was about his Waist begirt with a Willow
 Striple; his Visage was pale and wan, and
 his snowy Beard descended almost to his
 sorrowful Middle; in his Hand he held a

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Brazeil Staff, which was the feeble Sup-
porter of his withered Age : and before
him, on a Table of Swanlike Alabaster, lay
open *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*,
milded and extraordinary Beautiful, where-
in in Reading, he solitarily busied the *Chi-
mera* of his tormented Brain; which Pro-
spect as soon as our Princes espied, being
transported with Desire to know the Cause
of his disconsolate Retirement, they boldly
entered: where interrupting him from his
earnest Study, Prince *Palmo* addressed him-
self to him as followeth.

Most Venerable Father, if our au-
dacious Arrivall have disturbed
your Study, or our Presence your Pati-
ence; we beseech you to pardon the First,
though a rash Attempt; and excuse the
Second, as being an unwilling Enterprize:
Travellers Ears are, you know, Lovers of
Novelties, and are as earnest in satisfying
their Curiosity, as the *Antipodes* is of the
Sun's Brightness, therefore, Reverend Sir,
we earnestly beseech you, to relate to us
the Occasion of this solitary Retirement,
and the Motive which induced you to
Embrace this austere Life; and also to
afford us so much Favour, as we may un-
der

' der the Support of your Goodness, ere
 ' our Residence, for awhile; and so avoid
 ' ing the scandalous Imputation of Vaga
 ' bonds, betake our Resolutions to the ob
 ' taining of peaceful Tranquility.

The ancient Father perceiving by his
 Speeches, that he had been train'd up in the
 School of Virtue; and also judged by the
 Physiognomy they were Issued from some
 Noble Extraction, very freely, but with
 Gravity which seem'd to embellish his
 Speeches, return'd them this friendly Reply

' **G** Entlemen, your Arrival hath neither
 ' disturbed my Study, nor your Pro
 ' fessence prejudiced my Patience; for as my
 ' Nature is not attractive to Severity on
 ' the one side; so on the contrary, I make
 ' use of the other at leisure; therefore to
 ' my sorrowful Cell you are both very wel
 ' come; and in respect a friendly Demand
 ' deserveth a familiar Reply, Know Gen
 ' tlemen, that the Bower which I have here
 ' caused to be erected within the Incircled
 ' of this fruitful Grove, I make my re
 ' tiring Place, when passionate Fancies beg
 ' to surround my distemper'd Senses. The
 ' Boy being an Orphan, for Charities sake

I have caused to be instructed in shrill
Musick, to the End that when my Eyes
dazle with over-much Reading, he may
with his loud Melody arouze my Spirits
from the Thoughts of Slumber, and so
put me in Mind of my accustom'd Duty,
which in Heart I immortally owe to the
sorrowful Shrine of my dead Saint, which
whilst she liv'd, I affected more dearly
than myself; and being now dead, will
honour with such ardent Fidelity, that
future Ages shall have a meritorious In-
stance, to Acknowledge, that till Death,
and after, to my fair *Excellina* I remain'd
compleatly constant.

' Ah sweet *Excellina* ! which sacred
Name when I repeat, enforceth my Cor-
dial Blood to distill from my sorrowful
Heart, and also my brinish Tears to de-
scend my penitent Cheeks; She! oh she!
was the only Daughter of a valorous
Knight, whom I long courted with un-
feigned Love, and at last having received
many bitter Repulses, obtain'd the Enjoy-
ance of her gracious Affection; whereof
her Shrewish Step-mother being by Mis-
fortune thoroughly advertised, as one that
rather sought her Ruin than Advance-
ment, she so severely watched her, and
most

' most inhumanly used her, that her Father
 ' being absent in a far Journey, she most
 ' tyrannously immur'd her up in a Vestal
 ' Dungeon; where seeing she could by no
 ' Means obtain a Sight of me, in bitter
 ' Anguish, bidding the World, but most
 ' chiefly me, Farewell! Most dolefully
 ' yielded Nature her due; in remembrance
 ' of whom, at the end of this Grove, in a
 ' fragrant Valley, I have, as Duty and Love
 ' prompted me, erected a Tomb, whereunto
 ' till the Period of my Days, I have vowed
 ' daily to offer her not only my devout O-
 ' rations, that I may quickly follow her,
 ' but also my throbbing Sighs, as repentant
 ' Witnesses of my Calamity: Therefore
 ' Gentlemen, if you please to afford so much
 ' Time to walk thither, your Eyes may be
 ' Spectators of that which I have with Grief
 ' and Aggravation discover'd to you; and
 ' after give you such Instructions in your
 ' Travels, that doubtless, if the Celestial
 ' Influence cross not your Fortunes, you
 ' shall find them very profitable to you, and
 ' in your Adventures no way prejudicial.

The two Princes returning him Thanks
 for his proffer'd Civilities, very willingly
 to his Demand, soon condescended, and

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To walking through Ranks of lofty Cedars,
 which with their verdant Branches beauti-
 fy'd the adjoining silver Stream, they at last
 arriv'd to a sacred Chappel, which with A-
 baster Walls circumferenc'd that glorious
 Tomb; where entring, they espy'd it so a-
 dorn'd with munificent curious Workman-
 ship, that the view thereof drove them spee-
 dily to approach near to it, where they be-
 held the Body of it to be of Dove-white
 Ivory, whose Cover being of radiant Jet, and
 upon it the Picture of *Excellina* in Crim-
 son colours, most ingeniously Portrayed,
 and under her Feet, in Characters of Gold,
 enamell'd with Azure, this Epitaph,

*Within this Ivory Tomb doth lye
 The Phœnix of pure Modesty,
 Sweet Excelline! whose Beauty rare
 With Helen's Fame may well compare:
 Nay, Helen's Fame surpassing
 Which did the Grecians Love procure;
 Being in Jove's Imperial Sight
 A Nymph excelling Juno bright:
 Cut off by fatal Sisters Three,
 In confidence of Love's plaudite.
 Therefore if any pass this way,
 And with penitential Tears do pray,
 That she may in the Elizian Plain
 Until Eternity remain:* **C** *Still*

*The Garden of Love, and
Still Crown'd with Hearts delicious Joy,
And freed from Rage of dire annoy.*

Which Epitaph they having no sooner read; as also reviewing the Tomb and her Effigies, they very sorrowfully departed to find out the ancient Mourner, who purposely attending their coming, took them by the Hand, the Tears appearing in his Eyes, with some faltring in his Speech, he continued his Discourse.

— Ah Gentlemen! my Grief is such, that I
“ loath my Life; and were it not too much
“ offensive to my Soul, I could willingly be
“ instrumental to my own untimely Mar-
“ tyrdom, but alas! I know that that would
“ be a Sacrifice too abominable in the sight
“ of Heaven; which is the only Rein that
“ withdraws me from executing my Reso-
“ lution. For why, though I live, I live dis-
“ contented, and by my Death my Grief
“ would enjoy a Period. Should I, the most
“ miserable of all Mankind, be the Occasion
“ of so much Virtues Destruction? Or, by
“ my means should so noble a Virgin be de-
“ prived of her future Felicity; no, *Delmon*
“ resolve not to live, but die in memory
“ of her Martyrdom; for so shall thy Ag-

grava

gravations end, and thy everlasting Joys commence.

Our two Princes, seeing him launch out so far in the diversity of amorous Sorrow, thought it requisite to recal him from his passionate Sadness; and interrupted him, *Thalmeno* began as followeth:

‘ Venerable Sir, I should think the Effects of amorous Contemplation should benow, through Age, purg’d from your Memory, and the remembrance of past Pleasures dry’d up in Oblivion; for it is not for you who are ready to salute the Grave, to sacrifice Sighs to *Cupid*; but rather for Juvenile blood to fight under the Banner of Beauty. Remember therefore with yourself, that *Venus* by *Apelles*’s Boy was painted with fresh Colours, and not with a wither’d Visage; and though *Vulcan* offer’d to the Shrine of *Juno*, yet he at last acknowledg’d his Fault, and was for his Simplicity laugh’d at by *Jupiter*: Therefore Sir, consider now with yourself, that that fair Excelline whom you ador’d, is now extinct, and cannot by any mortal Means be again revived; in respect whereof, pray dry up those Tears,

and forget any more to devote your Orisons to the Image of *Cytherea*; Thus fighting against Concupiscence, your Actions may approve you to be unspotted for the Celestial Regions, and while tracing on this Earthly Vale of Misery, to observe a blissful Gracefulness of aged Staidness.

Delmon perceiving he was answer'd somewhat roundly, instantly wept afresh, because their exhortive Speeches touch'd him to the quick: But at last comforting his sorrowful Muse with Patience, he with his Tears requested them to enter his Cell, and to accept of such homely Fare as his Poverty could afford, whereunto they willingly agreed; and so deluding the time with a familiar Conference, they a long time solac'd themselves in amorous Prattle, till at last repast being ended, and the Princes ready to depart, *Delmon*, with as much Freedom as his Passion would permit, at their Farewel gave them these Instructions.

Heroick Gentlemen, seeing your Resolutions are bent to Travel, I shall inform you, that some Leagues from hence in the Kingdom of *Zanfara*, reigns the famous

famous *Brilion*, whose Virtue doth no less rejoice his Subjects, than his Valour doth daunt his Enemies; rewarding each according to his Merits, and retaining no Honour from those who demonstrate their Actions to be absolute Magnanimous; so that for Wisdom he may well be esteem'd a *Solomon*; for Majesty a *Cesar*; for Prowess a *Scipio*; and for Benignity an *Alexander*: His Court may also be term'd the Rendezvous of the Flower of Chivalry; for there are always resident abundance of Cavaliers; which as they esteem Discretion a chief Point of Valour, so they are no ways backward to adventure their Lives for the establishing of their Fame; their Senators likewise are both Grave, politick and provident; which from the Sincerity of their Contemplations, account Ambition a heinous Crime, and Treachery a deadly Sin. The Pastors also are both zealous and venturous, admonishing their Flocks, not like *Baal's* Priests, to place their Religion upon diabolical Idolatry, but to ground their Zeal upon that Celestial Temple, whose Foundation and Pavement, is Faith and Purity; whose Doors and Arches, Devotion and Amity; whose Pillars and Windows, Piety and

' and Sincerity ; whose Galleries and Tow-
 ' ers are Glorification and Humility: their
 ' Ladies and Damsels are likewise both
 ' gracious and fair, and generally so chaste,
 ' as if *Diana* and Nature had adorn'd them
 ' with the Pride of their Excellency ; be-
 ' ing of Gesture, modest; of Capacity,
 ' quick, of Quality, kind; and of Beha-
 ' viour, courteous.

' Therefore Gentlemen, if 'you direct
 ' your Course thither, you shall generally
 ' see each live by the fertility of his own
 ' Land, each reap the Fruit of his own
 ' Vine, and content sit smiling in every
 ' Corner: There may you behold the fra-
 ' grant Fields adorn'd with their verdant
 ' Vestures, the lofty Trees with their gay
 ' Garments, and the delicious Arbours
 ' with their diaper'd Treasure of *Flora*; as
 ' also the Mountains o'er-veil'd with snow-
 ' white Flocks, their Meadows with the
 ' Riches of *Ceres*, and their Vallies with
 ' Daffadils and prime Flowers. In their
 ' Parks you may see Regiments of Fallow-
 ' Deer running untaken; and in their Fo-
 ' rests you may behold Troops of Nymphs
 ' trace unravish'd; and to be brief, on eve-
 ' ry Bush harmonious Birds warbling forth
 ' their Melody,

Thalmeno

Thalmeno and *Palmo* perceiving that *Delmon* had finish'd his Speech, being transported with the Report of so flourishing a Kingdom, giving him thanks for their kind Entertainment, and for his virtuous Exhortations, very joyfully departed: where travelling a long Time these unknown Countries, they at last very fortunately arriv'd at the chiefest City of *Zanfara*, where the Court then was; and taking up their Lodging in the best Inn which the City did afford, they there some three days rested, to refresh themselves of their forepast troublesome Travels; and after having, as was requisite, given Almighty *Jove* most humble Thanks for their safe Arrival, they betook themselves to their private Parley, where *Thalmeno* began as follows.

' Dear Cousin, We are now in a Kingdom far from our Native Country; and therefore it behoves us to settle our Proceedings upon the main of some Resolution, to the end we may futurely avoid the Receipt of insuing Misfortunes, therefore understanding that the King exceedingly delighteth in Heroical Virtues, it were not in my Opinion unfit to betake ourselves under the Umbrage

' of his Service, where cherishing our valo-
 ' rous Magnanimity, we may produce the
 ' Demonstrations of dignify'd Princely At-
 ' chievements, whose effectual Apparitions
 ' in the Eyes of all Spectators may justly
 ' purchase us the Title of gallant Admi-
 ' ration.

Prince *Palmo* hearing *Thalmeno* utter this
 Resolution, very instantly returned him
 this Answer,

' Most affectionate Cousin, I agree to
 ' what you are pleased to determine; there-
 ' fore let us set apart all Delays, and prof-
 ' fer our selves to the King's Service; this
 ' Day I understand he hunts in a Forest
 ' near adjoining the Court; where if you
 ' please, we may present him with a sub-
 ' missive Supplication, thereby to intrude
 ' ourselves within his Princely Service;
 ' but let our Names be obscured under the
 ' Cloud of Secrecy; so that *Thalmeno* may
 ' be termed *Thalmo*; and my name of *Palmo*
 ' changed to *Plivio*; justifying ourselves
 ' to be Knights of *Arabia*.

This pleasant Invention was well liked
 of by *Thalmeno*; so solacing their Fancy,
 they forthwith indicted this Supplication,
 which

which by a young Knight, they sent to the King's Majesty, the Tenour whereof follows.

To the most Puissant, Famous and Flourishing Prince Brilion, King of Zanfara.

Royal Sir,

YOur magnanimous Fame by the Herald of Report, has arriv'd to many Cavaliers understanding, in such a Degree, that they not only admire at your Princely Valour, but likewise wonder at your virtuous Animosity; so as their Thoughts burning with desire to be made Possessors of your gracious Presence, and their Resolutions flaming with applause to be Spectators of your Heroical Actions; they have upon the Altar of Fame, long since devoted their Resolutions to direct their Course to your Country; amongst whom, we *Thalmo* and *Plivio*, two Knights of *Arabia*, our Capacities being penetrated with the Report of your Affability; have undertaken this Journey, to be made Spectators of your renown'd Personage; so that being arrived at your flourishing Palace, we most humbly beseech you to accept us into your dignify'd Service; affu-

ring you, that our Valour and Fidelity shall be such, as shall well testifie our Resolutions to take their Offspring from Magnanimity : so imploring your Majesty to admit us into your Roval Service, and to honour us with that Title to be invested your Servants, we in all Humility prostrating our Lives to your gracious Command, remain,

Your Majesty's most devoted Vassals,

Thalmo and Plivio.

This Supplication was no sooner presented to the King, but forthwith he commanded the two foreign Knights to be admitted to his presence, where saluting them in such a manner equivalent to his Royalty, he very courteously accepted of their voluntary Service : which famous Acceptance adding a plausible Hope to our Prince's Expectations, made them conjecture, they were now mounting the Steps of Honour : But to conclude, their valorous Actions, virtuous Demeanour, gallant Comportment, heroical Courteousness, and princely Gravity, did so conquer the Affections not only of the King, but of the Nobility and Gentry likewise, that in a Manner all the

Island

Island of *Cicilia* esteemed them worthy the Prize of *Olympian* Victory; which by often Demonstrations of their Gallantry, did so gain the King's Favour, that he prefer'd them both, and appointed *Thalmo* to attend on the Princess *Athelia* his Daughter, and establish'd *Plivio* to be Governour of *Ithaca* Castle, wherein the fair Princess *Mersilva*, Daughter unto *Samor*, King of *Bohemia*, was retain'd Prisoner; but leaving *Plivio* and the Princess *Mersilva* to Fortune's Protection, we will for a while discourse of *Thalmo* and the fair *Athelia*.

In a pleasant Morn, before the Pearled Dew was exhal'd by the shining Rays of Golden *Phæbus*, when the fragrant Flowers weredisplaying the pride of their beauty, and the melodious Birds on the swelling Bushes, straining forth their Melody, it chanc'd that *Thalmo*, being captivated with the Beauty of *Athelia*, his Princess, betook himself to the Fields, as well to refresh his tormented Mind, as to make the flow'ry Meadows acquainted with his amorous Fancies; when directing his pensive Course to the verdant Forests, he at last arriv'd to a spacious Beach-tree, whose Branches expelling the Darts of *Titan*, made a compleat shade for all tir'd Passengers to repose themselves; which

which pleasant Umbrage corresponding
with *Thalmo's* Passions; he cast himself
down on a Bank of Flowers, and with an
ardent Affection repeated these Verses.

WE to all conqu'ring Beauty bow,
its pleasing Powers admire;

But I ne'er saw that Face till now
that like hers could inspire:

Now I may say I have met with one,
amazes all Mankind;

And like Men gazing on the Sun,
with too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
when longing Lovers meet;

Like the divining Prophet's Wife,
and like blown Roses sweet:

Majestick, gay, reserv'd, yet free,
each happy Night a Bride;

A Mien like awful Majesty,
and yet no spark of Pride.

The Patriarch to gain a Wife,
chaste, beautiful and young,

Serv'd fourteen years a painful Life,
and never thought it long:

Ah! were she to reward such care,
and Life so long should stay,

Not Fourteen, but Four Hundred Years,
would seem but as one Day.

Ha-

Having thus vented his Passions, and made the Forests acquainted with the *Preludium* of his Malady, he forthwith, as being submerg'd with the variety of amorous Contemplation, resolv'd to return: but Fortune willing to smoothe up his Fancies in an Extasie of Contentation, so ordained, that her illustrious Highness the Princess *Athelia* with her Troop of Ladies, should travel that Way: Glad at this heavenly Opportunity, blushing a little because the Celestial Object created in him those Raptures; but elevating his Resolutions upon the Wing of Honour, and investing his Courage with the Consideration of Magnanimity, he audaciously determined to present her with the Idea of his Affection; by virtue whereof, at last finding her sequestred from her attendant Ladies, and resident within a Myrtle Bower, in the midst whereof she gazed on a Silver Fountain, there convey'd by Dame *Nature*; he casting aside all Effeminateness, took this Opportunity of addressing himself to her; after those Ceremonies due to her Royal Person were ended, he began as followeth.

' **R**Oyal Madam, when by the Aid of
 ' Fortune I espy'd so much Beauty, I
 ' immediately felt my tender Breast to be
 ' inspir'd with the endurance of a Lover's
 ' Passion, and to such a Degree, that these
 ' Eyes ever since conceiving their chiefest
 ' Contentation at so divine an Object, hath
 ' so firmly sworn my Fidelity to the Cele-
 ' stial Service of your super-excellent Deity,
 ' that I utterly abandon the Contemplation
 ' of all others, and sincerely betake my in-
 ' ward Devotions to the Shrine of your Per-
 ' fections: At the Appearance of so much
 ' brightness, my Senses were so much cap-
 ' tivated, that, Madam, all I am now capa-
 ' ble of is only to admire you; my Birth is
 ' such, that if known to you, perhaps might
 ' create in you a rendrance of Accomplish-
 ' ment to my Breast's expectation; upon
 ' which I will not now descant, because the
 ' Motive thereof shall not move you to term
 ' me by the Phrase of a pievish Insinuator:
 ' but dear Madam, if my Sighs might dis-
 ' close, my Tears explain, or my Passions
 ' discover, with what a zealous Flame of
 ' affectionate Love my Heart possesses in re-
 ' semblance of your sacred Idea, I not only
 ' think, but resolve that your gracious self
 ' would

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would at the first Report, not only recompence my Desert with the Reward of my Merits, but also repay my Fidelity with the remuneration of your Affection; whereof till the Gods shall by inspiration partly advertise you, I will till the Period of my limited Pilgrimage, remain as constant to the fair Princess *Athelia*, as I wish she should be affable to perplex'd.

Thalmo.

The Princess over-veiling her Lilly-Cheeks, with a crimson Die, on a sudden as much blush'd as *Diana* when she espied unlook'd for *Asteon*; and so metamorphosing her pleasant Physiognomy to a melancholy Complexion (being altogether unacquainted with such amorous Encounters) bending her Brows, within the Furrows of whose Lineaments Anger sat triumphant, she very sharply return'd him this Answer.

WHy *Thalmo*, said she, hath my too much Kindness made thee so Arrogant, or my undeserv'd Favour so Presumptuous, that thou now giv'st wing to thy Tongue, to run absolutely so lavish? Hath my Affableness emboldned thee to aspire so high, as to declare thy Affection
to

' to one so much thy Superiour? Hath Idleness
 ' in my Service taught thee to adorn
 ' thy Tongue with Flattery? and is there
 ' no Object for thee to aim at, but me? Ah
 ' fond *Thalmo*, and therefore fond, because
 ' possess'd with a pievish Fancy: as thou de-
 ' ridest my Beauty, I will laugh at thy Folly,
 ' and in accounting me Fair, I will esteem
 ' thee Frivolous. For thy Birth, know,
 ' disdain it as nothing, and thyself as less;
 ' if thou hast sacrific'd Sighs or shed Tears
 ' for my Sake, why expect a Recompence
 ' where there is no Satisfaction to be made;
 ' and hereafter, be wiser to engender a Con-
 ' ception of the like Simplicity. To be
 ' brief, refrain from prosecuting thy auda-
 ' cious Folly, or else I will use such means
 ' that the King, my Father, shall qualify
 ' your Courage, by nipping the Blossoms
 ' of your flourishing Estate.

This thundring Answer proceeding from
 a Princesses Mouth, might doubtless have
 made many fresh-water Soldiers retire for
 fear; but our valorous *Thalmo* disdain-
 ing to quit the Siege for the first Repulse; re-
 pairing his Sense, and furnishing his Muse
 with a fresh Supply, very boldly continu'd
 his Combat as followeth.

Madam,

‘ Madam, if your Royal Highness conjectures, that in discovering my Affections I flatter your Merits with a shew of Derision, you greatly wrong my Honour, in respect my Inclination was never attractive to so base an Enormity; for what I protest in words, my effects shall manifest to be of Truth, against the proudest Champion which durst undertake to maintain the contrary: therefore, Dear Madam, let not an unconstant Thought so obscure your Virgin’s Breast, that for my faithful Affection you term me an ungrateful Servant; for if the Flower of my Affections was predestinated for yourself alone, disdain not him, Madam, who in Heart hath long since vow’d to adore you, and to whom he dedicates his whole Devotions; therefore reward not that Passion with Scorns, whose Greatness you cannot doubt, but kindly receive from me so pure a Flame of Love, which is for ever constant.

‘ *Thalmo*, said she, if thy Affection were equal to the tenor of thy Speeches, methinks you should at my Request bury the Repetition thereof in the Grave of Silence, and not so audaciously be guilty of so great a Presumption; if thy
‘ Phrase

' Phraſe of Glozing was ſo unfeigned as
 ' thou demonſtrateſt, or thy lovely Paſſion
 ' perfect Meſſengers of a Sacred Conſtancy
 ' yet my Reſolutions can never be diverted
 ' from reaping the Enjoyment of a ſingle
 ' Life, which I have already upon the Altar
 ' of *Veſta* impoſ'd; my Deſires rather
 ' honour the Image of chaſt *Diana*, than ad-
 ' dore the Shrine of laſcivious *Venus*; ra-
 ' ther inclining to the one's Principles, than
 ' eſteeming of the others Precepts: there-
 ' fore *Thalmo*, ſince my Mind cannot be ſub-
 ' ject to ſervile Love, let my Commands be
 ' a Mediatrix to cauſe thee to give a ſol-
 ' lemn Leave to thy pieviſh Enterprize.

Thalmo perceiving the Princeſs pretend-
 ed to ſhroud herſelf under the Cloud of
 a ſolitary Climate, and embrace the auſ-
 tere Deity of a Saint-like Devotion, very
 earneſtly, but with Submission, addreſſed
 himſelf to her.

' Ah! Madam, if my Words could de-
 ' cypher my Paſſion, or my Tongue expreſs
 ' my Affection, I ſhould then account my-
 ' ſelf moſt Happy, whereas now I eſteem
 ' myſelf of all Men moſt Unfortunate. Un-
 ' fortunate I may well ſay, in that the Ide-

of my Fidelity is obscur'd in the Mist of Incredulity; which if you would sincerely weigh in the Ballance of Reason, I assure myself the Zeal of my virtuous Constancy would remove the Residence of your Mistrust, and as absolutely inform you, that my amorous Flame, which none but so charming a Goddess as yourself can extinguish, springs from true Fidelity: That harsh Note of your living a Recluse Life, I beseech you, Madam, to recall; for the possessing of your Presence, and the obtaining of your Commands, would yield me the Satisfaction of my trembling Desire; so that, Madam, if you please to confer that Honour on me, of being your dignify'd Servant. it shall suffice; and upon that pleasant Foundation will I erect Trophies of delightful Hope; and till my Merits shall acquire more favour of your Princely Goodness, I am resolv'd immortally to live and die in your Service, and to attend on your sacred Person with such firm Fidelity, virtuous Affection and submissive Loyalty, that your fair self, and the King your Royal Father, shall one Day bless the Hour of my Arrival, and have just Cause to acknowledge that the Sympathy of our Affections was

pre-

‘ predestinated to be united by the Conde-
 ‘ scension of Celestial Deity.

The Princess *Athelia* well noting with what fervency he vented his Passions, began immediately to produce some Motions of Compassion; yet in respect he should not conceive any Spark of Hope, where there was no Performance meant to be effected, bitterly return'd him this sharp Reply.

‘ *Thalmo*, If thou leav'st not this idle Dis-
 ‘ course, I will leave thy Presence; for thy
 ‘ obstinate Opinion will constrain me to fly
 ‘ thy Sight, and hereafter to loath thy Com-
 ‘ pany: It is now time to put a Period to
 ‘ thy Conference, because the tediousness
 ‘ of it tires my Senses in understanding it.
 ‘ What I have said, I mean to perform, that
 ‘ is, to live solitarily, and leave you to your
 ‘ Passionate Folly; and whereas you desire
 ‘ to remain my Servant, I thereunto conde-
 ‘ scend, provided your Desires aspire not to
 ‘ my Prejudice. Let your future Attempts
 ‘ be season'd with discretion, lest Folly over-
 ‘ coming your Reason, your Downfal may
 ‘ prove the more dangerous. Consider with
 ‘ yourself, what the King my Father will
 ‘ say, when he hears of your Presumption;

‘ think

think not that he will approve of your proceedings, but rather curse the very instant of your Arrival, and reward there-with the height of his Displeasure. Therefore *Thalmo*, take my Advice, repent of your Presumption, recall your Follies, and be penitent for your Offences; in so doing, I will persuade myself to pardon this Crime, and exempt the Memory of it out of my remembrance.

Thalmo perceiving the Princess had finished her cruel Oration, immediately said to her.

' Ah Madam! Is it possible that so much Beauty and Cruelty can dwell together? And is it possible, that each being others Enemy, they should both seek my ruin; and so in a seditious Sympathy triumph o'er my Martyrdom? Ah, Madam! make not my Fall your Felicity, nor my Ruin your Rejoycing; but vouchsafe an eye of pity to behold my Constancy, the fervency of my Fidelity, and the respect of my Affections! Consider, Madam, the purity of my Pretence, and the desire of my Expectation, and think, that if *Thalmo* live, he must love the fair *Athelia*, and though she hate, yet *Thalmo* must needs love:
What

' What was predestinated for me, I must
 ' needs endure, yet in suffering her Repulse,
 ' I in Humility die, to see my Fortunes
 ' check'd with *Athelia's* Frown. Dear Ma-
 ' dam, distill into your Heart the motion
 ' of Pity, and amidst the Showers of your
 ' Anger, let the resplendent Sun of Fa-
 ' your evaporate your Wrath, let the Dew
 ' of Patience so mollifie your Cruelty, that
 ' I may at last reap that Happiness I have
 ' so long desired.

' *Thalmo*, said she, I now see thou art a
 ' Servant to Folly, and canst not be ex-
 ' empted till thy time of Innocency is ex-
 ' pired. I perceive 'tis in vain to dissuade
 ' where senseless Absurdity doth com-
 ' mand; and it will be ineffectual, where
 ' I see Exhortations are held as Toys, and
 ' Requests obey'd as Trifles. I am sorry
 ' that I have remained with you so long
 ' in respect thou art blinded with a frivo-
 ' lous Humour; which I see springs rather
 ' from a fond Understanding, than any
 ' way from a tormented Spirit; but how-
 ' ever, it nothing avails the Advancement
 ' of thy Demand, because unlawful, and
 ' and therefore to be rejected.

' Dear

“ Dear Madam, reply'd *Thalmo*, if ever the Sighs, Tears, Love, Fidelity or Affection of a tormented Lover, may gain Acceptance in the Contemplation of his Saint; I beseech you to grant me the Accomplishment of my virtuous Desire, that I may once in all Chastity of Marriage enjoy your sacred Person, which above all the World I chiefly adore !

The Princess told him his Talk disturb'd her Thoughts, and his Speeches her Senses; and so in a disdainful manner she flew from him : when directing her pace to the Court, we will for a while there leave her, and a little Discourse of *Thalmo's* Passions : who seeing the Princess so suddenly departed, thereat immediately storm'd, changing his pleasant Countenance to a pale Complexion; and repenting the time that ever the Queen his Mother produced him into this miserable World, continually crying out upon cruel Destiny, and very often sighing, as though his Breast were overwhelm'd with insupportable Calamities; sometimes falling from Sighs to Tears, and then from Tears to Sighs again: Sometimes repeating the Name of *Athelia*, and then closing up his Eyes, as tho' the Oracle of that Celestial

ftial Word had ravish'd his Senfes with too many divine Cogitations: At laft he very penfively withdrew himfelf to his Clofet, where to eafe his tormented Mind, he refolv'd to write, and fend her thefe Lines.

I Never faw that Face till now,
 that could my Fancy move:
 I lik'd and ventur'd many a Vow
 but durft not think of Love:
 Till Beauty charming every Senfe,
 an eafie Conqueft made,
 And fhew'd the vainnefs of Defence,
 when Athelia doth invade.

But oh! her colder Heart denies
 the Thoughts her looks inspire;
 And while in Ice that frozen lies,
 her Eyes dart only Fire.
 Between Extreame I am undone,
 like Plants to Northward fet;
 Burnt by too violent a Sun,
 or starv'd for want of Heat.

Which being ended, feal'd up and directed, he hafted to a Lady of the Princefs Athelia's, whose Phyfiognomy promis'd the Accomplishment of a faithful Performance, and embolden'd him to request her to deliver it to the Princefs, to which ſhe voluntarily

carily condescended; and so finding her very
solitary in her Chamber, she with an humble
reverence effected her Promise. The Prin-
cess at first was unwilling to receive it, as not
knowing from whence it came; but unrip-
ping the Seal, she found who it was sent it,
and with a Crimson blush commanded *Levi-*
za her Woman to depart; when Locking her
Door, she cast herself on her dainty Bed,
and read the Contents before repeated, many
times she perus'd it, and often kist it, and
at last utter'd to herself these Passions.

'Most unfortunate *Athelia*! if thy Tears
might assuage thy Pains, or thy Sighs thy
Miseries; thou might'st then envy thy
Tortures, and with Patience bear the in-
supportable burthen of thy Calamities:
But alas! As the first cannot perform the
one, nor the second effect the other, thou
mayst esteem thy Estate the more unfor-
tunate, and curse the Hour wherein thou
didst first espy that charming Face of vir-
tuous *Thalmo*; *Thalmo*, I say, whose valo-
rious Actions, heroical Disposition, and
comely Deportment hath so conquer'd
thy Princely Breast, that thou with the
pale-fac'd Moon, in Clouds of Obscurity,
lost take thy pleasant Light of Hope
from the resplendant Sun, which is only that

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his

Thalmo; remember with what fervency
 of affectionate Fidelity he pleaded to
 thee for a kind Acceptance; and call to
 mind the pearled Tears, doleful Sighs,
 and passionate Agonies, which as Messen-
 gers of faithful Constancy, he sent to wit-
 ness before thine Eyes the Miseries he en-
 dur'd, and bury not in Oblivion his wan
 Complexion, hollow Aspects and repining
 Despair; which as Solicitors, might have
 caus'd the most obdurate Heart to relent
 and have produc'd a motion of Pity. But
 wretched *Athelia*! Forget not the proud
 Repulses, sharp Answers, bitter Threa-
 and obstinate Denials thou gavest his En-
 terprize; which when I consider, I burn
 with Anger, and condemn myself of im-
 prudent Ingratitude, in rewarding his pro-
 mitive Presence with Inhumanity, and
 crossing the Proceedings of his Hopes with
 unmerited Inaffability. Indeed, I must
 confess, relinquishing obstinate Coyne-
 my Passion was then magnanimous
Thalmo, altho Modesty would not permit
 me to discover it; and now I do add
 him,, as the sacred Image to whom I pay
 all my Devotions. *Thalmo*, and none but
 him, shall live in my remembrance,
 none but him alone can boast of such

Conquest ; though Pride at first seem'd
to reign in my Breast, when I refus'd his
Precepts, I will now be as affable in ac-
cepting his Affection, tho' then pertina-
cious in denying his Requests, yet now as
willing to agree to his Petitions, and tho'
then Refractory in not being Attentive to
his Desires, yet now as tractable to heark-
en to his Demands ; but whither, *Athelia*,
dost thou wander ? What Lunatick Folly
doth possess thy Senses ? Or whither runs
thy Wits a wandring without their Guide,
Discretion ? Hath an amorous Passion so
soon transported thy Mind with Fancies,
or lovely Toys so instantly obscured thy
Reason with Absurdity, that without re-
gard to Modesty, thou proclaim'st thy
Simplicity, which should the World
know it, thou wouldst be condemned of
peevish Levity ? Is she which was so long
Court'd, now become an Oratory Suitor ?
And must she plead to him for Love, who
petition'd her for Affection ? Ah *Athelia* !
but such is thy Fate, and therefore contra-
dict not that which the Gods have alrea-
dy decreed : satisfy thyself with what is
contingent to thee ; and hereafter seek by
some favourable Means to correspond
with thy desir'd *Thalmo*, to the end that

his Presence may expel those Mists of Sorrow, which doth so intoxicate thy Senses, and extinguish the Birth of ardent *Flames*, which begin to scorch the Substance.

Levina her Woman suddenly rush'd in, as being sent from the Queen her Mother, wondering she should be so long Absent; *Athelia* perceiving the Time had deceiv'd her, instantly rose up, and clearing up her Countenance the best she could, sail'd not according to her Duty, with all celerity to hasten to the Queen, where contrary to her Expectation, she receiv'd this Check.

Athelia hath too much Freedom made you forget your self? or is it some extraordinary Affair which hath retained you so long from my Presence? was you with your Tut'ress Lady *Flerina*, or from whence came you?

Madam, May it please your Majesty, (reply'd the Princess) I have long since been invited to see the Lady *Fulvia's* Chamber, and this Morning unexpected, she came for me, your Majesty being in your Closet, I was loath to disturb you, and so I departed without taking my Leave, my Lady *Flerina* was then at her Devotions, and so only *Iffida* my Maid attended me.

This

This Reply soon satisfied the Queen; so leaving *Athelia* in her Presence, we will return to tormented *Thalmo*, who being as it were plung'd in *Athelia*'s Beauty, and almost drown'd in her Affection, as also hearing no Answer from *Lavina*, storm'd in such a manner, that his Familiars, who not being acquainted with his Passions, thought he would run Lunatick, and dance with the Skies, or else stark Mad with the Man in the Moon, to caper about the Clouds; for such Rage possess'd his Senses, and such Anger over-power'd his Reason, that he was even bereav'd of his Understanding; all Company he abandoned, and detested the light, as *Jupiter* when he descended in a Cloud to dazzle *Vulcan*, thereby to enjoy *Junio*: His Speeches were far-fetch'd Sighs, unless now and then he would breath forth the Name of *Athelia*; his Laughter was metamorphos'd to Tears, and no Motion could enter his Imagination, but the resemblances of *Athelia*; his Chamber seem'd tire-some, and his Bed uneasy; his Torments might be compar'd to the Tortures of *Ixion*, only in this excepted, that he had a fairer Beauty in *Athelia*, than *Ixion* had in *Proserpina*; when he waked, the Image of *Athelia* stood before him, whose Figure he adored,

as the only solace of his Hearts Contentment; being in his Study, pensively Passionate, he would suddenly arise, and ask, Who was there? As if *Athelia* had been always knocking at the Door; From thence in an affectatious humour, he would forthwith direct his Course towards the Fields, and there most sorrowfully to the senseless Trees, decypher forth the manner of her Cruelty; then begging pardon for so great a Crime, he immediately fell to Singing in Praise of her; and from thence in a wavering Condition, would enter into another Humour of recording his Passions: Amongst the rest, as I very well remember he once rang'd into a very pleasant Forest, and so from thence to Mountains next adjoining, and again to Vallies, as his Weakness lead him, when being overwhelmed with innumerable amorous Fancies, on the Grass taking out his Pen and Paper, writ these Lines.

B Right *Athelia* is the Saint
 whom in Devotion I implore;
 But she is deaf to my Complaint,
 her Silence tells I must give o'er;
 Is it my Zeal's not fervent thought?
 or what I ask'd, Offence has given?
 No Word, but Sigh or Tear with't brought
 such Rhetorick as prevails with Heaven.

The

The latter then must be the cause,
yet how could that her Anger move :
So harmless my Petition was,
I only ask'd of her her Love ;
And now the fatal Reason's found,
the greater Pain I must endure :
Such Folly 'tis to search the Wound
that does admit no hopes of Cure.

With Grief and Anguish I'm perplex'd,
so sad my Case on either side,
I had not liv'd had I not ask'd,
'tis worse than Death, now I'm deny'd :
Tell me of neither Racks nor Wheels,
tho' sharp they bring no lasting Pain ;
Nor torments like to that he feels
who loves, and is not lov'd again.

Which having ended, forgetting both Pen
and Paper, he resolv'd to range further into
the unknown Forests : but as flying Time
gives a Period to all Earthly Accidents, so
in roving from Place to Place, he at last
arriv'd to a fair Cyprus-Tree ; where re-
solving to Sleep, he was no sooner down,
but he arose again instantly determining to
depart, but desirous of writing a few more
Lines, he busily search'd for his Pen and
Paper ; but not finding it, drew out his
D 4 Sword,

The Garden of Love, and
Sword, and with the Point of it, upon the
Bark of a Tree, carv'd these Lines.

*Go soft Desires, Love's gentle Progeny,
and on the Heart of fair Athelia seize:
Then quickly back return again to me,
since that's the Cure of my Disease;
But if you miss her Breast whom I adore,
then take your flight and visit me no more.*

Which having ended, he very oft kiss'd
it, as if there remain'd some figur'd resem-
blance of *Athelia's* Perfections: so leaving
the Field, he return'd to his melancholly
Habitation, where we will leave him to the
Fancy of his Affections, and a little Dis-
course of almost forgotten *Palmo*.

Palmo being appointed by King *Brilion*
Deputy-Governor of *Ithaca* Castle, wherein
the beautiful *Mersilva* was kept Prisoner;
having his heart inspir'd with Compassion,
grievously troubled to see *Porus* his Gover-
nor, so rigorously use her: For, whereas the
King did allow her a decent Chamber, plea-
sant Walks, a Table answerable to her Per-
son, and a Damself to attend her; he on the
contrary abridg'd her of those Priviledges,
placing her in an obscure Dungeon; where
the Thought of so detestable a Damp, might
have

have hurried *Alexander* himself, into a Labyrinth of Despair: For instead of pleasant Walks, she had only the Liberty of her close Prison; her Diet was very homely, and scarce enough to assist Nature; and instead of a Damsel to attend her, was basely serv'd by an ugly Russian, in the Furrows of whose angry Brows, envious wrath sat Triumphant; having from his Governor a strict Order, to hinder all those, who in her Distress should give her Relief.

Mersilva perceiving her hard Usage, exclaim'd on Fortune, deploring that ever she had attain'd to so dismal an Aspect! Weep she might, for there was no Spectators of her Lamentation; and well might she lament and cast forth Sighs, for there was none to comfort her in the depth of her Miseries: for if at any time she bemoan'd herself to her rigorous Keeper, with forcible Arguments to induce him to Pity, she was immediately check'd with a Catalogue of Reproaches; alledging, that her Entertainment exceeded her Merits: which as a second Wound, did so transport her Reason to compleat Anguish, that with wringing Hands and throbbing Sighs, she to herself breath'd out these Words.

‘ **P**Erplex’d *Merfilva*! Thou hast just oc-
 ‘ casion to acknowledge, how incon-
 ‘ stant Fortune, doth at her Pleasure conduct
 ‘ Princes to the top of Prosperity; and im-
 ‘ mediately turning the needle of her com-
 ‘ pass to another Point, doth violently rend
 ‘ the bark of their Pristine Estate, against
 ‘ the dangerous Rocks of future Perdition;
 ‘ where suffering Shipwrack, the Memory
 ‘ of their Happiness is presently over-
 ‘ whelm’d in the unmerciful Entrails of ty-
 ‘ rannizing Destiny. Unfortunate *Merfilva*!
 ‘ in that Camelion Tragedy, thou art a
 ‘ principal Act’ress; for the subject of thy
 ‘ Misery, hath as a Prologue mounted thee
 ‘ on the Theatre of Destruction; most wret-
 ‘ ched *Merfilva*! when the Memory of thy
 ‘ Birth pierceth through the Thoughts of
 ‘ Consideration; and comparing past Ho-
 ‘ nours, to present Calamities, what Terror of
 ‘ Aggravation it doth apply to thy Hope,
 ‘ thou may’st well conjecture; whereas o-
 ‘ thers can scarcely pre-suppose.

‘ Ah, desolate *Merfilva*! how are thy
 ‘ Delights now transmuted to Melancho-
 ‘ ly Contemplations? thy Pleasantness re-
 ‘ vers’d to Mourning, and all thy former
 ‘ Pleasures metamorphos’d to Solitariness?
 ‘ most

‘ most certain it is, that Glory fades, as well
 ‘ as flourishes; Beauty dies, as well as in-
 ‘ sults; and Honour withers, as the Flowers
 ‘ of the Field, which no sooner spring forth
 ‘ with *Titan*, but die with *Cynthia*. What
 ‘ then is the World but a Labyrinth of Per-
 ‘ plexities? What then is Dignity but the
 ‘ Seat of Ambition? And what is Glory, but
 ‘ the Throne of Grandure? *Merfilva*! such
 ‘ is the vicissitude of this terrestrial Dia-
 ‘ dem, that being produc’d in Sin, we pro-
 ‘ secute in Folly; and never forbear to de-
 ‘ test Virtue, before we are ingulfed in the
 ‘ Stream of Vice: Therefore account thy
 ‘ Miseries as a Recompence predestinated
 ‘ for thy Fortune; thy Torments, as a Re-
 ‘ ward for thy Sin; and lastly, term thy
 ‘ Calamities, as a meritorious Affliction,
 ‘ projected for thy ill Conduct.

Which doleful Words she uttered with
 such zealous Fervency, that the Report
 thereof, would have caused Disdain herself,
 to have pitied her; for some times she
 walk’d in her miserable Cottage, and then
 instantly threw herself on her Bed of Care,
 where drawing her Curtains close about
 her, one might judge it to be a Sepulchre,
 and herself a Corpse therein interr’d: When
 again,

again, reviving her Spirits, and remembering her Misery, she would sorrowfully Smile, and instantly Rebuke herself, for committing such an Offence. Her Handkerchief she often wash'd with Tears, which trickled down her sorrowful Cheeks, and then immediately dried them, with fanning Wind on her Face, to enliven her Spirits: In which sorrowful manner she past the Day, without being Comforted by the assistance of any; until at last the sound of her Complaint reach'd the Ears of Prince *Plivio*, which infus'd in him so much Relentation, that knowing her to be a Princess Royally descended, and Innocently committed, without being Guilty of any Crime, against the Crown or Kingdom of *Zanfara*; he being vanquish'd with Compassion, cry'd out.

‘ **C**RUEL *Plivio* ! can Humanity suffer to
 ‘ Beautiful a Princess as *Merfilva* to
 ‘ endure Imprisonment, and thou enjoy thy
 ‘ Liberty ? or can the Dignity of that Di-
 ‘ vine Sex, obtain no more Favour at thy
 ‘ Hands, where thou canst afford Relief ?
 ‘ Are thy Senses so clouded with Obscurity,
 ‘ thy Eyes so darkned with Impiety, or
 ‘ thine Heart so loaded with Cruelty, that
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her Tears cannot Solicite to thee for her Freedom; or her Complaints as Advocates of her Innocency, perfectly plead to thee for her speedy Enlargement? How will the World blame thee of Ingratitude, thy Conscience accuse thee of Rigour, and thy Thoughts condemn thee of Tyranny, when the odiousness of thy Fact, shall arrive to the Judgment-Seat of Reason; where thy Faults being described, and thy Folly disclosed? What Shadow of Argument canst thou alledge for thy Excuse? or what Mask of Sensibility canst thou produce to o'erveil thy Inhumanity? Consider with thyself from whence thou art extracted; if from the Loins of a Woman, how comes it to pass, thou differest from so temperate a Nature. *Plivio*! recal thy Senses to the Throne of Pity, and drown the rigoroufness of thy Mind in the Gulf of Oblivion: Let Lenity be in thy Thoughts, and Remorse in thy Cogitations; and ungrateful *Plivio*, resolve, that to relieve the Distressed is an Operation of Charity, and to assist an afflicted Lady, is worthy Commendation. What though thy Governour is inhumane, must thou of Consequence desert her? No, *Plivio*, let not thy

‘ thy Cruelty obscure thy Liberality, nor
 ‘ perverse Impiety overwhelm thy Affabi-
 ‘ lity, but rather let thy Actions favour of
 ‘ Friendship, and let thy Resolutions be
 ‘ qualify’d with Generosity; and in so do-
 ‘ ing, the Gods will esteem it an Act of
 ‘ Justice, and all Mankind a glorious Com-
 ‘ passion to so much Virtue.

Upon the Ground of which Resolution, inciting his Breast with the animosity of Honour, he resolv’d to visit the Princess *Mersitva*. Whereupon, he immediately directed his Course to the Place where she sorrowfully lay imprison’d: where he was no sooner entred, but he beheld her sitting on her Bed of Misery, having her Face o’er-veild with a sable Scarf, as if she partly detested to see the appearance of delightful *Phebus*; when not securely sleeping, but rather dolefully slumbering, being by his Presence disturb’d from her pensive Contemplations, she forthwith rais’d herself from her Seat of Sorrow, and putting aside her Scarf, discover’d a perfect Copy of transcendent Beauty, from whence her radiant Eyes display’d their splendant Influence as fixed Stars, divinely seated in the Celestial Element, approaching to her with an humble Reverence, he most courteously address’d himself in these words.

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‘ Madam, I am at last arriv’d to your fair Presence, to crave Pardon for my neglect of Duty in deferring so long that Consolation I might have administred to you, since in this Castle I can claim some Priviledge; but Dear Madam, impute it not wholly to my want of Care, for my Governour’s Command was the main Obstacle that kept me from prosecuting my Intentions; which now being removed by his departure to the Court, Fortune has opportunely given me this Happiness of waiting on you, and of offering you all the Civilities which this Castle, or my Interest can afford you; therefore Madam, if you please to recreate yourself in the Gardens and Walks adjoining, I will attend you, and secure your sacred Person from all Harms and Violence.

The Princess *Merfilva* wondering at this unexpected Kindness, dying her Chrystal Cheeks with a Vermillion Blush, very courteously return’d him this Answer.

‘ Sir, my vanquish’d Hope, which hath been transported to the very brink of Despair, being now by your extraordinary Favours inspir’d with Consolation, doth for this your kind Relief, render you Millions of Thanks for this unmerited Succour,
and

‘and since you are pleased to afford me that
 ‘Happiness, I should be very unworthy to
 ‘you, and much wanting to myself, if I did
 ‘not accept of so great a Freedom, as to
 ‘enjoy the Air of the fragrant Fields.

Plivio perceiving her Inclination to walk
 and take the Air, very courteously took
 her by the Hand, and conducted her by a
 Postern Gate, through the Castle, to the
 Walks, and from thence to the pleasant
 Arbours; where *Mersilva* delighting to
 range from Bank to Bank, and from Foun-
 tain to Bower, leaving in a manner no
 Place therein unprospected, she at last ar-
 rived to a very sumptuous Fountain; whose
 Walls being of glittering Alabaster, and
 shining Marble, gave such a Grace to
Mersilva's Eyes, that her Spirits at so
 pleasant a Prospect did then receive the
 long look'd for Motion of delightful Con-
 tentment: At last hearing the Descent of
 some issuing Stream, which made a Musi-
 cal Harmony in falling to the Concavity
 of the Earth, she began to trace round the
 Circumference of the Fountain, where she
 espied on the East-side of it, two stately
 Pillars of Dove-white Ivory, being very
 curiously Carved and Adorned with spa-
 cious Guards of refin'd Azure, wherein
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were enamell'd lovely Roses, and splendent
 Stars of artificial Ingenuity; on the tops
 of the Pillars stood two Female Images,
 most industriously Painted, well re-
 sembling the Graces, each holding in their
 Hands a little Vane, where on one Side was
 Painted *Minerva*, and on the other *Diana*,
 and joining their other Hands; which they
 elevated over their Heads, did support the
 third Grace, being crowned with an *Olympian*
 Garland, holding in both her Hands a
 Table of Celestial Hue, seated in a Frame
 of illustrious Argent; from out whose six
 globy Paps, resembling for whiteness the
 Snow which doth embrace the *Pyrenean*
 Mountains, rush'd forth Chrystal Spouts
 of silver Water; whereat she being for a
 while delighted, at last perceiv'd betwixt
 the two Pillars a Geometrical Door, where
 entering, she beheld a small Mountain in
 form of a Pyramid, which reach'd to the
 top of the Fountain, from whence Nature
 yielded forth many a Vein of weep-
 ing Water, which by degrees distilling
 down the Rock, was thorough silver Pipes
 by Art most curiously conveyed to the
 Graces Paps: which *Merfilva* seeing, shut
 the Door, and resolv'd to depart; but by
 Chance, reflecting her Sight, as unwilling
 so

so soon to take her Farewel, glancing her Eyes at random upon the Perfection of the upper *Grace*, she, either deluded with a Shadow, or possess'd with a Fancy, immediately coniv'd, that she saw her artificial Eyes naturally reflect in the Model of their Influence, and so being in Imagination induc'd that it was so, or else thinking that at the Request of some second *Pygmalion*, the Goddess *Venus* had with Life likewise inspired her; she thought with herself, that the said *Grace*, by some means or other had interiorly some lively feeling of natural Sense, and applying it as the allusion of her Fancy drove her, conjectur'd, that she invited her more near to approach: in respect whereof, mounting a Step which stood very close before the *Graces*, she thought with them, but especially the uppermost, to have some private Conference; where being elevated, she presently forgot herself, as if some sacred Deity had so before predestinated it, and after was instantly put in Mind of her doleful Calamities; whereat much lamenting, she blush'd, in that she had committed so stupid an Absurdity: when looking about her, and not seeing *Pluvio* there, espying a blue Table, she lean'd upon it, and charmingly sung these Lines.

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THe Glories of our Birth and State,
 are shadows not substantial things,
 There is no Armour against Fate,
 Death lays his Icy hands on Kings ;
 Scepters and Crowns
 Must tumble down,
 And in the Dust be equal laid,
 With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

Some Men with Swords may reap the Fiel',
 and plant fresh Laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong Nerves at last must yield,
 they tame but one another still :
 Early or late
 They stoop to Fate,
 And must give up their murmuring Breath,
 When the pale Captive creeps to Death.

The Garland withers on your Brow,
 then boast no more your mighty Deeds ;
 For upon Death's purple Altar now,
 see where the Victor Victim bleeds :
 All Heads must come
 To the cold Tomb ;
 Only the Actions of the Just,
 Smell sweet and blossom in their Dust.

Whilst the Princess *Mersilva* was view-
 ing this sumptuous Garden, Prince *Pluvio*
 com-

commanded a very gallant Banquet to be there prepared, the which most kindly in an *Eglantine* Bower he presented her; and to make her Entertainment pleasant, order'd a Consort of Lutes, and three Eunuchs to warble forth a melodious Harmony. In this manner for a while they deluded the Time; Prince *Plivio* all this while never fail'd to glance his Eye on the sweet Object of *Merfilva's* Beauty; which *Cupid* espying, immediately bent his Bow, and let fly an Arrow headed with Desire, and feathered with Affection; which so forcibly hit *Plivio* to the Heart, that he immediately fainted at the Stroke, so that now he acknowledg'd no Goddess but *Cytherea*, no Saint but *Venus*, nor no Lord but *Love*: so that his Breast being penetrated with the influence of Amorousness after having re-conducted the Princess *Merfilva* to the Castle, he hastened to his own Apartment, and there poured forth these Contemplations.

‘ What, *Plivio* ! art thou in a Moment
 ‘ vanquish'd in the Field of Beauty ! or hath
 ‘ *Cupid* such influence at the first approach
 ‘ to penetrate thy Breast with Affection ?
 ‘ Can thy Resolutions which were devoted to *Bellona*, now stoop to *Venus*, and
 ‘ to make Garlands in her praise; whereas
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before thou disdain'd her Society? Wilt thou not fondly bathe thy Senses in amorous Cogitations, and though to thy prejudice devote thy self a Sacrifice to Loves Altar? Beware, *Plivio*, the *Syrenes* have sweet Voices, yet are deceitful, the *Panthers* fair Skins, yet infectious, and the *Amazons* beautiful Faces, yet meer Dissemblers: though *Helen* was fair, she was petulant; *Thais* was lovely, yet leud; and *Semiramis*, tho' curious, was a Courtesan: But alas, *Plivio*! one Example makes not a Maxim; nor doth forepast Crimes include general Actions: for speak without partiality, and thy Conscience will plead, that as there hath been a wanton *Helen*, so there was a wife *Calliope*; a leud *Thais*, so a chaste *Lucretia*; a vicious *Semiramis*, yet a virtuous *Susanna*; therefore *Plivio*, retire not with Pusillanimity, but advance with Fortitude; for as the Poet sings, *A saint Heart never pluck'd Fruit from the Tree of Love*. Consider with thyself what *Mersilvais*; in the Mirrour of Verity, by descent a Princess, of Qualities a Queen, of Beauty an Angel, and of Perfection the only *Phoenix* of her Sex. Who then but would esteem such a Virgin? Who then but would love such a matchless Paragon?

Nay,

' Nay, who but would sacrifice his Life in
' behalf of so sweet a Saint ?

Thus embathing his Mind in Amorous
Contemplation, and solacing his Senses in
Merfilva's Beauty, he remained so restless
that no Object could please him, but the
Idea of the fair *Merfilva* ; no thought con-
tent him, unless sprung from her Majestical
Virtue; nor no Imagination delight him
unless derived from her rare Perfections
so as burning with Desire to display his
Pretence, he at last with a trembling Reso-
lution, wrote these Lines ; which by a tru-
ty Messenger he sent to fair *Merfilva*.

Plivio to Merfilva.

M Adam, I have discover'd so great
Passion in my Breast, which none but
your gracious self is able to appease ; for
having fix'd my Eyes upon so much Beauty
I am bent to direct my Devotions on the
Altar of your flourishing Excellencies, since
I repose the first Fruits of my amorous In-
clinations, in contemplating on the *Idea* of
your divine Perfections, and derive my chief-
est solace from your Angelical Personage ;
I hope a favourable Answer will be the Re-
ward of my constant Fidelity : But Madam

Royal Flower of Fidelity.

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my Reprieve is but short; for if you now reject the faithfullest Heart that ever Love did yet inspire, I shall receive it as your Commands, to decline adoring you, which since I cannot whilst I live, I am resolved by Death, to obey you, which I shall embrace with Joy, if it can produce any, in the fair *Merfilva*.

Till Daath, your constant Plivio.

Merfilva receiving the Letter, and guessing from whom it came, without any disdain, open'd it, and reading it with a blushing Countenance, because Love was the great Theme; having read it, she fetch'd a great Sigh, and instantly found her Senses surrounded with many agreeable Notions of *Plivio's* Perfections; every Line seeming to make a smooth Path-way for *Cupid's* Entrance; but at last curbing her *Paphian* Sparks with a modest Countenance, and considering the Favour he had before shewn her, she resolved to return him this Answer.

Merfilva to Plivio.

I Received yours, without much difficulty, thinking only to hear of your welfare; but contrary to my Expectation found it full of amorous Fancy; whereof

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I repented me of my Immodesty, and blam'd my Hand for having intermeddled with so prejudicial an Affair: but weighing the former Favour's receiv'd from you, I thought it agreeable to return you an Answer; the Purport whereof is to request you to give a solemn Adieu to your commenc'd Enterprize; for the thought of Affection cannot harbour in my Breast: Forbear therefore the creating of yourself any Trouble of writing to me in that Dialect; for they are Motives which molest my Imaginations; and cease your Sollicitations to her, which till Death intends not to be won by any: Not omitting Thanks for your former Favours, I remain

Your Friend, Merfilva.

Having finish'd it, she was doubting whether she should send it, fearing lest it might redound to the prejudice of her Fame; but at last founding the Depth of her Affection, by the Mutability of her Fancies, and the Foundation of her Love, and the Allurement of her Liking; and finding herself to be inspir'd with the Flames of *Cytherea*, she instantly resolv'd to prosecute her purpose; by virtue of which Resolution, she forthwith deliver'd it to a Messenger to convey it to *Plivio*; who using his diligence, in a short time

time arriv'd at the Pelace, where Prince Plivio was as then resident; and being brought to his Presence, he accomplish'd the Princesses Commands.

The Prince not knowing from whence it came, very busily open'd it, and without further prolixity of Introduction, directed his Eyes to the bottom, and found the glorious Name of *Mersilva*: Whether his thoughts were then obscured by divine Inspiration, or his Breast replenish'd with many ravishing Contemplations, I refer the Censure thereof, to those which have likewise enjoyed an Essence of the like sacred Tenuity: But one may credulously conjecture, that the sight of this Celestial present did not only solace our despairing Plivio, but likewise infused a sudden encouragement to his afflicted Malady; embracing the Letter in his Hand, he very often kist the Oracle of *Mersilva's* Name, and with many pearled Tears, seconded with affectionate Sighs, instantly paid there the faithful welcome: but at last, calling his Thoughts to a Retreat, and sounding his Discretion, to refresh his Senses, he with Consideration read it distinctly over, and finding it not agreeable to his Inclination, he instantly raged and storm'd, as

if the Demonstrations of his Furiouſneſs were to be preſented on *Folly's Theatre*; ſometimes he wou'd ſtamp, and in a moment ſtare, as if his Brains had been beſotted with a Lunatick Frenzy; then curſe *Cupid* becauſe he ſeduced him; and yet inſtantly yield many Millions of Thanks to *Venus* for inveſting him a Servant to ſo divine a Creature: When repeating the Name of *Merſilva*, he wou'd quietly ſit down and ſlumber, as tho' the Deity of that ſacred Word, had ſome divine Authority to charm his Senſes; ſometimes with deteſtable Reproaches, he wou'd rebuke his Eyes for unfortunately gazing upon *Merſilva's* Beauty. The Meſſenger was all this while Spectator of *Plivio's* Paſſions; and miſtruſting it proceeded from the Princeſſes Occaſion, which wrought in him that perplexity, inſtantly leaving him to his Paſſions departed, and inform'd the Princeſs, in the higheſt Degree, the manifeſtation of his Malady, and the melancholy Humour of his perplexed Calamity.

Which the Princeſs *Merſilva* no ſooner underſtood, but being a freſh inflam'd with his Affection, ſhe very ſuddenly, in her Princely Breaſt, conceived a Motion of Remorſe, being exceeding anxious, that ſhe ſhou

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should occasion so much Aggravation: when separating herself from Company, she betook her to her Closet, resolving to breath forth her Passions to herself, where being no sooner entred, but the Princess *Athelia* knocking at the Door, came to visit her, and likewise for that Night to be her Bedfellow; *Merfilva*, smother'd her Sorrows as well as she could, and putting on a chearful Countenance, entertain'd her: So with a great deal of Familiarity and friendly Conference, they deluded the Time, till Supper being ended, and the Skies o'er-veil'd with obscure Night, they both betook themselves to their Bed, where both, but especially *Merfilva*, slept with a watchful Countenance; having their Minds tracing upon their Favourites Perfections. But splendid *Aurora* the joyful Messenger of *Phœbus*, had no sooner in Combat conquer'd the vernal Night, and so given the sable Clouds a valorous Overthrow, but radiant *Titan* transpiercing his Darts through their Damask Curtains, early in the Morn, made *Merfilva* arise; who without any noise, leaving *Athelia* in Bed, apparell'd herself, directing her Course to the Fields; when circumferencing divers pleasant Meadows, she at last arriv'd to a fragrant Mountain, where not only

finding that the *Spring* did present her with a delicious Umbrage, but also that *Phæbus* had there exhaled the balmy Drops from the Face of *Flora*, she most majestically laid her down on the verdant Grass, having a Bush of *Eglantine*, mixt with Cowslips in her Hand, not only to repulse the Rays of ardent *Olympus*, but also to keep off the Gnats and Bees from her Rosie Cheeks, where pensively contemplating with herself, she breathed forth these words.

‘ Ah, *Merfilva* ! how are thy Senses caught in the Snares of Affection ! and how are thy delightful Pleasures now diverted to amorous Passions ! Can thy Mind, which formerly could receive no Impression, become now tractable to receive any Stamp !

Which words she had no sooner uttered, but casting her Eyes about, she espied, unexpectedly, Prince *Plivio* ; whereat exceedingly blushing, the Blessing being so great that it charm’d her purple Blood to assemble ; she immediately prepared herself to entertain him ; who was no sooner arrived but he emboldned himself, and opportunely saluted her : he was so exquisitely thereat delighted, that he absolutely thought her Lips had that attractive Power to amaze

his Senses; but at last summoning of them again in their proper Order, and having seated her on a pleasant Bank, grasping her by the Lilly-white Hand; though Affection had a long Time silenced his Tongue, with a trembling Voice, he at length addressed himself to her.

‘Madam, My Eyes no sooner reflected on your divine Beauty, but my Heart was made your Captive; and those troublesome Lines which you received, was but a Messenger of my Mind, and an earnest of my entire Affections; I am come now to present you with the Original, and to inform you, Madam, that my Passion is of that extent, as none but that Beauty which created it, can give it Limits: your sacred Self is the Celestial Image to whom I bind and consecrate my earthly Devotions; therefore, Madam, I beseech you decline not my Affection, but make me so happy to enjoy your Favours, that I may give Despair a Farewel, and so again cherish my afflicted Hope, with the Joy which yourself shall Ingender in my more than cheerful Imaginations.

Mersilva observing with what zealous Affection he declared himself, could instantly have condescended to his so reasonable

a Request; but thinking so soon to yield were but imprudency in her Sex, she at last return'd this Answer.

'Sir, the fairest Flowers do commonly
'harbour the foulest Wasps; and where the
'Stream seems most pleasant, it is often
'most dangerous; delicate Words are but
'counterfeit Shadows for Deceit; and when
'the Sky seems clear it commonly presages
'a Storm: Men in these days resemble the
'Picture of *Janus*, which can prescribe a
'Colour for every Physiognomy, and a Fan-
'cy for every Favour; therefore as I will
'trust none, so I intend not to try any; lest
'reposing Confidence unadvisedly, I pur-
'chase Repentance too dear, and so Dis-
'cretion coming too late, I crave Pardon
'out of Season. *Diana's* Maxims in my
'Thoughts are not so soon evaporated, nei-
'ther will I so prejudice myself as to esteem
'*Venus* my Patroness; in the Mirrour of Ex-
'perience I daily behold the downfall of di-
'vers, in respect whereof, by others harms
'I mean to beware: Therefore Sir, if you
'please to relinquish your Suit, I may per-
'chance respect you as a Friend, or if the
'contrary, hate you as an Enemy,

Plivio perceiving his Saint to fight all
ways under the Banner of Cruelty, and sus-
pectin

pecting his Fidelity, having his disturbed Muse ingulph'd in the Ocean of Perplexity, did a long time remain silent; but reflecting his Observations upon the Excellency of her Beauty, return'd this Replication.

' Why fair *Merfilva*, one Swallow makes not a Summer, nor doth forepast Events conclude future Maxims: Affection comes by Destiny, not by Device, and is therefore Natural not Artificial. It is hard to censure of my Qualities, by others Qualifications, and very difficult to judge of my Affections by others Infidelity; therefore Madam, to remove all Obstacles that may create your Diffidence, I will seal what I have deliver'd with this Protestation, That my Passion for you, Madam, is firm, not inconstant, faithful, not feigned; and so grounded upon the Rock of immoveable, entire Amity, that as my days shall demonstrate my perpetual Affection, so my Death shall testifie my immortal Fidelity.

Merfilva hearing his solemn Protestations, immediately redned in such an amorous manner, that she could scarce refrain discovering her Affection; but at last with a compos'd Countenance, she return'd him this Answer.

‘ Sir, it is high time to put a Conclusion
 ‘ to our Conference, since the Theme where-
 ‘ on you descant proceeds from Folly; for if
 ‘ you imagine that my Thoughts will con-
 ‘ descend to Love’s Embracements you de-
 ‘ ceive your Hopes with a vain Absurdity;
 ‘ what I outwardly speak, proclaims my se-
 ‘ cret Intentions, therefore bury your Spee-
 ‘ ches in the Grave of silence, and presume
 ‘ not to present her with your Love, which
 ‘ esteems not any way of your Affection.

Plivio being much perplexed, was fram-
 ing an Answer, but *Mersilva* perceiving
 by his Countenance what the Product of
 his Discourse would be, very suddenly,
 without taking leave, departed; where
 leaving him to his Perplexities, and her to
 her Passions, we will for a while silence
 their Proceedings, and entertain ourselves
 with Prince *Medor*’s Adventures.

Prince *Medor*, as you have formerly
 heard, having acquired the Love of the Prin-
 cess *Florina*, and grounded his Affections in
 her Memory; was frustrated in the consum-
 mation of his Bliss by King *Agenor*, her
 Father, who utterly denied to match his
 Daughter with him, in respect of an ancient
 Antipathy between Prince *Medor*’s Father
 and himself. So that perceiving he could

not

not obtain his desire, nor so much as confer with the Princess *Florina*, by reason the King her Father had commanded her to retire into the Country, he immediately resolv'd to Travel, hoping that the Influence of Time would raze out the King's Indignation; he at last determined to take a Voyage to the Isle of *Madagascar*, to pay his Duty and Service to his Uncle, Duke *Alphonso*; but yet, lest departing without leave of the Lady *Florina* should render him guilty of Ingratitude, he at last with Tears in his Eyes writ these Lines.

Medor, to the fair Princess Florina.

MAdam, Destiny resolving to metamorphose our Pleasures into Pensiveness, hath doubtless instigated the King your Father to exercise his invective Malice against our Innocency; so that, dear Madam, I am forc'd to depart, and to leave behind me that transcendent Pledge of my Affection; live I cannot but in torment; being depriv'd of the Sight of so much Beauty; but such, Madam, is my unfortunate Fortune, and the Gods in the Synods of their Resolutions have imposed it as a Period to commence my Miseries; nay, more than so, I think ratified it for a Plague to impale

me within the Circumference of endless Disconsolation. But, Madam, in what desolate Place soever I erect my Residence, my Contemplations shall dwell upon the Idea of your Beauty, and my Mind ruminate upon your divine Perfections; and daily upon the Altar of Love I will sacrifice Sighs, in testimonial of my immoveable Affections; therefore, dear Madam, be not dismay'd, for the Gods who have made this Decree, may in time revoke their Sentence; so committing you to the protection of the Powers Divine, I remain Madam, your constant Servant till Death, *Medor.*

Which having ended, he deliver'd it to an intimate Friend to convey to her; and so finding a Ship ready, he imbarqu'd himself for *Madagascar*; sometime he was floating upon the proud Billows, and past by several Ports and Islands, and at last betwixt a Bay and an Island was overtaken by a cruel tempestuous Storm, which continued a long time, and forc'd them into a Port in *Africa*; where gaining the Shore, and finding himself weak, through his Marine Sickness; he instantly resolv'd there to make his Abode; and so taking leave of the Master, and bestowing his Liberality
upon

upon the Ship's Company, he there betook himself to erect his Residence, till at last being advertis'd by a Merchant, that the Court of *Zanfara* was the Rendezvous of the Flower of Chivalry, he determin'd thither to Travel: In which Journey, some few Leagues from the Court, by chance straying in a Forest, and arriving to a solitary Cottage, whose Situation corresponded with his disturb'd Passions, he resolv'd there to make his Habitation: the better to pass away the doleful Time, whilst absent from his fair *Florina*, and the better to cloud his Secrets from the sight of neighbouring Spectators, he disguis'd himself in a Hermit's Habit, seeming outwardly to all Passengers the chief Inhabitant of that vestal Grove; where forgetting his former Dignity, and solacing himself with the remembrance of his fair *Florina*, he a long Time liv'd as a Man which had forsaken the alluring Jollities of this inconstant World, devoted his Soul to the only enjoying of Celestial Felicities. But Love, which still inspir'd him with the Beauty of his Princess, would not so abandon this her amorous Favourite, but so tyrannously furnish'd his Mind with ardent Flames of Affection, that thinking to sleep, *Cupid* would permit *Morpheus* no Entertainment.

tertainment; but forced him divers Times to arise, and pourtract forth his Passions in Affirmation of his Fidelity; and at last echo'd forth these Verses.

*Break, break distracted heart, there is no cure
For this thy Soul's most desperate Calenture;
Sighs which in others Passions vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the Billows to my hot Desire, (Fire:
And Tears in me don't quench, but nourish
Nothing can mollifie my Grief,
Or give my Passion some Relief. (vour
Love's Flames when smother'd, always do de-
And when oppos'd by the same fatal Power,
Then welcom Death, let thy blest hands apply
A Medicine to my Grief, and then I'll die.*

It were too tedious to relate all the Passages of the austere Life which Prince Medor led in this solitary Grove, therefore let this suffice: That being vanquish'd with ardent Affection, he finally vowed to devote the Pilgrimage of his days to *Florina's* Service, and protested to adore her as the sacred Deity to whom he dedicated the generality of his Terrestrial Devotions. Therefore leaving him to his disconsolateness to be reliev'd by Patience, we will return to *Pr. Thalgo* and his Princess the fair *Athelia*. Prince

Prince *Thalmo* perceiving the fair *Athelia* to be always devoted to Cruelty, and concluding with himself, that she triumph'd over his Martyrdom, being overcome with Love and loaded with Affection, could reap no rest of his Senses, until he had a Prospect of her singular Beauty; she being in the next Arbour, he address'd himself to her, after a small Complement, and said:

'Madam, The Nature of Planets is to have each his Influence, and it being my Fortune to be Planet-struck with that excelling Beauty which you possess, I am now come to the Divine Oracle to learn, whether I shall be happy or miserable.

Athelia surpriz'd to see *Thalmo* present, yet shadowing her Affection under the protection of Nicety, with a little redness said: *Thalmo*, if Planets have power to reform Civility, then I hope your old Folly is metamorphos'd to new Discretion: For my part I am what I professed, and if you approve of it, as you came unlook'd for, so when you please you may depart.

'Why Madam! reply'd *Thalmo*, so harsh a Sentence? should I which have been faithful to you, even from the Birth of your first Aspect, become now to your Deity

' Deity inconstant; or would you advise me
 ' to transform my fore-past Affection into
 ' future Hatred? Thy Hatred, said *Athelia*,
 ' doth more please me than thy Affection,
 ' and yet I care little for both, and for thy-
 ' self less. *Thalmo* being ready to answer
 her, was prevented by *Levina* her Gentle-
 woman, who came on purpose to attend
 her; the which as soon as he espy'd, with
 a very low bow and a sorrowful Resolution
 he departed; raging against *Cupid* for pre-
 destinating him to serve so cruel a tyranni-
 zing Beauty: when walking a part in a pri-
 vate Place, he espy'd his fair *Athelia* to di-
 rect her Course to the Court. Upon which
 he re-entred the Arbour, where she was, and
 looking round him, he observ'd the Turtles
 in their Amours; upon which seating him-
 self, he breath'd out these Verses.

Observe these Turtles kind and true;
Hearken how frequently they woo;
They faithful Lovers are, and true,
If they that see 'em would but be so too.
Of them, my fair Athelia, learn,
At length to grant me my Concern:
Follow what thou in them dost see,
And thou wilt soon be kind to me.

Having

Having thus vented himself, and seeing his fair *Athelia* absent, he at last thinking to find her in her Closet; where very pensively entering, and not seeing her there, immediately directed his way to the Court; where he was no sooner arriv'd, but a Page meets him, and delivers him this Message and Challenge. ' Sir, Prince *Almion*, my Master, ' hearing of the Affection you bear to the ' Princess *Athelia*, whose Beauty those that ' pretend to it, must dispute it in the Field ' of Honour, and to that end hath sent thee ' this resolute Defiance, which I here deliver to thee: Which *Thalmo* opening, it contain'd these Words:

Almion to Thalmo.

PRoudest *Arabian*, being acquainted ' with thy aspiring Affections towards the Lady *Athelia*, whom the World ' knows none can lay Claim to so high a ' Favour but myself, and by reason my Courage disdains to digest so unpleasing a Disgrace, I have sent you this Defiance, to meet me single in the Castle-Trench after Dinner, there to dispute it with thy Sword; where I will severely chastise thy Insolence in crossing my Affections, and make thee sensible, that in all Things thou hast abus'd thy Superiour.

Almion.

Thalmo.

Thalmo wondering at this unexpected News, and disdain'd to be out-brav'd by a *Zanfarian* Prince, by his own Page return'd this.

The Answer.

‘ **U** Nderstanding by your Defiance, that
 ‘ for my Duty I pay to the Lady
 ‘ *Athelia*, you have assum'd that Title
 ‘ of being my School-Master, to correct
 ‘ me for that which yourself cannot avoid;
 ‘ my Nature is such, that I desire
 ‘ to live no longer, than to be depriv'd
 ‘ of the Beauty of the fair *Athelia*: at the
 ‘ Time and Place appointed, my Sword
 ‘ shall demonstrate that my Affection is
 ‘ such to *Athelia*; that whilst here, I will
 ‘ live and die in her Service; and neither
 ‘ thy Valour, nor fear of Death shall raze
 ‘ her *Idea* out of my Memory.

Thalmo

The Hour being come, *Thalmo* according to his promise fail'd not to present himself; where instead of meeting his Rival *Almion*, he was treacherously encountered by a Crew of desperate Ruffians, who were there by *Almion* plac'd in an Ambuscade

buscade to Murder him, who seeing they
so fiercely approached him, instantly be-
gan to put himself in a posture of Defence
to receive their Fury; where with a mag-
nanimous Courage he dealt such gallant
Blows among them, that at first, not able
to endure his Valour, they were forc'd to
retreat: but after re-assuming their strength,
they very couragiously flew upon him,
where they so manfully behav'd them-
selves, that *Thalmo* not able to withstand
their Force, was glad to retire, and take
the Castle Wall for his defence; where
he so valiantly behav'd himself, that for
recompence of their Treachery, he made
many of them bear the weight, and under-
go the sharpness of his *Sicilian* Sword: but
in short, their Force bearing sway, and
their number Masterdom, he unfortunately
received many dangerous Wounds, from
whence issued out abundance of Blood,
that finding his Body weak, and feeling
his Senses fail him, thinking there was
no way but Death, falling to the Ground,
and gasping as he thought his last, he in
Memory of his dear *Athelia* breath'd out
these words: *Let my blood testifie how well
I loved Athelia, and retained constant even
to the last.*

Thalmo

Thalmo had no sooner uttered these Words, but Prince *Plivio* being slumbring behind a Bank next adjoining, hearing the Name of *Athelia* repeated; immediately started up, and seeing the Prince his Cousin to be in danger amongst these Russians, instantly stept in to his Assistance; where making way with his Sword, he lifted him on his feet, and so desiring him to be of good Courage, flew to his Adversaries, where he distributed such valorous strokes amongst them, that in short some fled, and the rest being vanquish'd, he triumphantly remain'd Conqueror: which was no sooner finish'd, but using his best Art and Industry, bound up his Cousin's Wounds, and convey'd him to a skilful Chirurgeon there next adjoining, commanding him to dress him with all care imaginable; whereupon taking Horse, he speedily posted to the Court, and inform'd the Princess *Athelia* of the sorrowful News; which when she heard, immediately fell in a Trance. *Plivio* beholding this unexpected Accident, and wanting an Expedient, summon'd his Senses in their proper Order, and employ'd his utmost diligence for the Ladies recovery; which he very soon effected, begging her to be of good Comfort, for that there was no

doubt

doubt to be made of *Thalmo's* Health. The Princess being therewith a little qualified, for a while appeas'd herself; yet continu'd weeping for his Misery, being sensible it was her Affection which induced him to so hazardous an Enterprize: but thinking how to demean herself in so Tragical an Event, at last shedding many Tears, she resolv'd by his Friend *Plivio* to send a few Lines, as a Manifestation of her Affection, and as an Unguent preservative to his Wounds; so calling for Pen and Paper, she wrote to this Effect.

Athelia to Thalmo.

T*Halmo*, the heavy News of thy Misfortune has implored my Affection to put Pen to Paper; and hath so overwhelm'd my Senses with Grief, that there is almost no words herein contained, but hath been washed with a Tear, nor no Syllable but hath been saluted with a Sigh: Yet since it is none but *Athelia* is the Original of thy Misfortune, I will to the utmost of my Power recompence thy Affections: so recommending my Sorrows to your favourable Censure, I unfeignedly am Yours as her own

Athelia.

Thalmo.

Thalmo receiving the Letter from Prince *Plivio*, found now by Experience, that the Distemper of the Mind far exceeds that of the Body; for it wrought such Miracles upon his Cure, that in few Days he was perfectly recover'd; and contemplating upon that favourable Epistle which his dear *Athelia* had sent him, and not to be Guilty of so high an Ingratitude in not returning an Answer, he enforcing himself to sit up, writ her these Lines.

Thalmo to the fair Athelia.

‘**M** Adam, the Honour you were pleased to afford to your unworthy
 ‘ Servant, has wrought such Wonders upon my Distemper, that no other Physician
 ‘ but yourself could have effected such a
 ‘ Cure, the virtue thereof being so well applied, that the powerful Charm had its
 ‘ full Operation: Therefore, Madam, on
 ‘ the Idea of your Divine Perfections will I
 ‘ for ever fix my Memory, and exercise
 ‘ my Contemplations upon your matchless
 ‘ Beauty; never forgetting my kind Pre-
 ‘ seryer, but will continually offer up Mil-
 ‘ lions of Thanks for the Receipt of so
 ‘ great a Blessing, and unfeignedly remain

Yours now and ever,

Thalmo.

The Princess *Athelia* receiving the Letter, was much pleas'd with the News of *Thalmo's* Recovery, yet could not be satisfied with that Copy of the Letter without seeing the Original Hand that writ it; so that at last finding an Opportunity, when the King and Queen her Parents were absent, taking *Levina* with her, she instantly went to the Lodge, where she was advertised *Thalmo* was resident; being conducted to his Chamber, she beheld *Thalmo* very pensively walking alone, having his Arm pinn'd up in a Scarf; he no sooner espy'd the Princess *Athelia*, but was transported beyond Measure, and forthwith embrac'd and kiss'd her Hands; their Eyes like piercing Aspects attracted each others sight, that like Ambassadors of Love they seem'd to ratify a mutual Alliance: their Tongues were silent for a while, till at last an amorous Blush had given leave to so pleasing an Encounter, *Athelia* utter'd these Words.

Thalmo, You may wonder at my unexpected Arrival, and yet you may imagine the News of your Misfortune led me hither, and not to keep you any longer in suspense, I am now come in some measure to retaliate your Affection, though indeed before I thought it not convenient

ent to take it so soon in consideration; but
 since the Gods have so decreed it, there is
 no resisting the Divine Powers; therefore
 you may place your Happiness where your
 kind Stars directs you.

Thalmo hearing this Celestial Lecture
 perceived by the fervency of her Words that
 she utter'd no more than Love did induce
 her; very softly taking of her by her snowy
 Hand, return'd her this obliging Answer.

Madam, your Words have so much Di-
 vinity in themselves, that they carry
 Power with 'em, to whom they are dire-
 cted; and are a high Cordial to afflicted
 Spirits; the Operation hath caused my
 Breast to triumph o'er my Sickness
 which heretofore I believed would not
 only have conquered my Mind, but all
 cut off the Thread of my Life; therefore
 welcome, dear Madam, to your sorrow-
 ful *Thalmo*, and Millions of Thanks to
 kind Fortune, for investing mine Eyes
 with so heavenly an Object! But whither
 wander my Senses, that I forget myself
 so much, as not to gratify your Love
 with reciprocal Affection? But pardon
 me, dear Madam, and attribute the Defects
 of my Reason to the Distemper of
 my Weakness; for I resolve that

now and ever to Honour and Adore you as the eternal Goddess of my Prosperity; esteem you as the sacred Image of my Felicity.

To which *Athelia* answered, ' Prince *Thalmo*, where there is no Offence committed, by consequence the Excuse ceaseth: Thy Actions having cleared from Imputation; be not timorous, for thy Pardon is Sealed: Therefore advance in Love, and I will prosecute in Affection; proceed in Amity, and I will correspond in Friendship: For approbation of which take here my Heart and Hand as the steadfast Seal of immortal Constancy; vowing before the Imperial Throne of Heaven, to establish only *Thalmo* for my Lord and Husband.

Thalmo esteeming himself exceeding fortunate with this Angelical Reply, and in Congratulation of her protested Amity, return'd her this Answer.

' Madam, Your sincere Affection creates in me such Raptures, and has so great an Influence over all my Senses, that in Retaliation, I vow not only to dedicate my zealous Devotions to so beautiful a Shrine, but also resolve to remain for ever your Loyal Servant.

With

With many amorous Ceremonies they firmly contracted themselves; and in such an affectionate manner, that neither the Frowns of Fortune, or Treachery of Time, or the Flattery of Insinuation, could either blast their flourishing Friendship, or once daunt their immoveable Fidelity: so that having brought this happy Couple to a sacred Union, we will for a while leave them; and discourse of the strange Accidents which beset the Lady *Florina*.

Florina living very sorrowful in her desolate Castle, was at last by King *Agenor* her Father, commanded to Court without any delay; whereat being exceedingly discontented, in respect it would hinder her Devotions due to Prince *Medor*; and being a faithful Admirer of his Perfections, utterly refus'd thereunto to condescend. The King being inform'd of her Obstinacy, immediately sent forth Messengers to force her to the Court: but she being before acquainted with it, consulted with herself how to avoid her Father's Indignation. At last knowing no other means for her Escape, than to shelter herself under some Peasant's Cottage, so laying aside her Princely Extravagance and Grandeur, she pursu'd her intended purpose: so that reaping an exceeding

Delight

Delight, to see the homely Shepherds lead
 their Milkwhite Flocks to the fragrant
 Fields, and to hear divers Quires of harmo-
 nious Birds chanting forth their pleasant
 Notes; she remained there a long time as
 well contented, as a Lady in her Estate could
 contain herself, which was oppress'd in
 Love: till on a Day bearing a Shepherd-
 ss Company to the Fields, directly in the
 close of the Evening, when the Golden
 Sun was declining and leaving the Horizon
 to give Light to our Antipodes, and the
 pale-faced silver Moon gave notice to Pil-
 grims of their Repose; as these our two
 females were returning from folding their
 flocks, *Florina* hiding herself under the
 canopy of a sprouting Fig-Tree, sung with
 an excellent Voice these Lines.

The
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 rself
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 light

*Hence Cupid with your cheating Toys,
 our real Griefs and painted Joys,
 our Pleasures which itself destroys,
 like Men in Fevers burn and rave,
 and only what ensures them does deceive:
 Man's weakness makes Love so severe,
 they give them power by their fear,
 and make the Shackles which they wear.
 Who to another do's his Heart submit,
 makes his own Idol, and does worship it.*

Him whose Heart is all his own,
 Peace and Liberty does Crown,
 He apprehends no killing frown;
 Feels no Raptures which are Joys diseas'd,
 And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

The Shepherdes seeing *Florina* had now
 ended, entreated her to repair home; they
 had not long tript over the diapersd Fields
 but they beheld a very young Stripling
 which hastily drew towards them, who be-
 ing almost out of breath with running; to
 the Lady *Florina* brought this Message.

"Madam, I am on purpose sent to beg you
 "instantly, to hide yourselves in some secre
 "Grove, for there are arriv'd to our Cottage
 "four or five, which come in search for you
 "and have very much wounded my Father
 "for concealing you: Therefore make no
 "delay, Madam, if you value your own Pre
 "servation; and since the Laws of Nature
 "and Humanity obliges me to aid all Ladies
 "in Affliction, I will, if you please, condu
 "you with safety through the Woods and
 "Vineyards, where I doubt not but you
 "may remain with most assur'd Privacy.

Florina wondering at her Father's Cruel
 ty, yet pleas'd at the Shepherd's Civility
 pondering with herself which way to wa

der in this Exigency ; at last following the Youth's Advice, she desir'd the Shepherdes to bear her Company, to directing their Course to the Sea-side, which in two days they attain'd, without being espied of any : But they were no sooner arriv'd to a harbouring Town, but they were inform'd, that there was likewise Search made for her Apprehension ; whereat being almost overwhelm'd with Passion, and vanquish'd with Affection, they immediately left the Town, and cross'd the Strand : Tracing upon the Borders of the Sea, they arriv'd to a little Creek, where espying an aged Fisher-man in his Cock-boat, repairing his Nets, having given him the Time of the Day, ask'd him, If he would, for Recreation, transport them a League on the Sea ? The Fisher-man demanding a Recompence, they thereunto agreed ; so with a merry Gale, which blew the Sail from the bending Mast, they put to Sea, where delighting to see the old Man take store of Fish, and to feel the Boat dance on the azur'd Seas. In this manner they pass'd away the Time, till Night gave them a Summons to return : But before *Florina* reach'd the Shoar, she demonstrated her Estate to the ancient Fisher-man, and likewise begg'd him with

Tears in her Eyes, to assist her in this her miserable Distress, and for her Safety to convey her every Day on the Sea. The old Man pitying her Estate, and being instigated by her liberality, soon to her so reasonable a Request, voluntarily condescended: Which course they many days observed, with as much joy to *Florina*, as if she had now been triumphing in her former Dignity; till at last Fortune resolving to add more Misery to her Affliction, caused her, unexpectedly, to fall within the Labyrinth of a greater Misfortune; for they so long Time daily went to Sea, till at length, being two Leagues from the Shore, they were espy'd by a Pinnace, which ranged close along by the Cliffs, to attrap some Purchase, who hoisting their Sails, came directly towards them; and so making speedy way, did very soon cut their Boat from the Shore, commanding them to the Main; which doleful Sentence, alarm'd our weak Company, and made them almost die with Grief, to think on their disastrous Calamity; but especially the Lady *Florina*, from whose Eyes distill'd many pearled Tears, which as the perfect Messengers of Sorrow, did apparently demonstrate her insupportable Grief; but all, alas! in vain, for there

was

was no remedy to assist her, nor no undaunted *Alcides* near hand to rescue her from their Cruelty; but they were very rigorously commanded to come aboard; which with a faint Courage, and sorrowful Resolution, they effected, *Florina* being the last that enter'd, whom the Turkish Slaves no sooner beheld, but casting their Eyes upon her Angelical Beauty, clapping their Hands, and throwing up their Caps; being glad they had got so glorious a Prize to present their *Sultan*. The Comfortless *Florina* hanging down her Head with Despair, thought she was now on the Stage, where the Catastrophe of her Tragedy should be acted.

But the Captain of this cursed Crew, discreetly beholding her Beauty, did from the Influence of her constant Eyes, and modest Aspect, conceive she was a virtuous Person, and of great Extraction; in respect whereof he discharged the rest, and retain'd only perplex'd *Florina*, which he commanded to be entertained with all Respect and Favour imaginable; and the better to effect it, he forsook his Cabin, and lodg'd her in it, charging his Page to attend her with as great Diligence, as on his own Person; so that *Florina* might per-

ceive, that as they entertain'd her with that Civility, so they likewise honoured her, by never attempting to violate her Chastity, which she a thousand Times esteem'd more dear than her Life: But again remembering Prince *Medor*, she would weep, as if his absent Idea had a regal Prerogative to create her Tears; many bitter Sighs she likewise Echo'd forth, and blam'd the unfortunate Fates for investing her with this disastrous Accident. In her Contemplation, she ruminated upon his Perfections; but again pondering upon his Absence, and her own present Misery, she would forthwith burst into publick Exclamations, cursing the inhuman Destinies for investing her Breast with such an Aggravation. Which the Captain perceiving, began most affectionately to comfort her despairing Courage; adding moreover, with the industrious Art of his fluent Rhetorick, that no improbius or malevolent Proceedings should be exercised against her, but such respect should be paid her as was equivalent to her Virtue. But alas, *Florina* notwithstanding his Words, could reap no benefit by the Anagram of his Speeches, but still most bitterly bewail'd her Misfortune, lying prostrate in her Cell of Misery; where

leaving

leaving her with the Captain of the Pinace, which resolv'd to transport her for *Constantinople*, we will commit her to the favourable Occurrence of Fortune, and return to *Plivio* and *Mersilva*.

Prince *Plivio* being inform'd of his Cousins Proceedings, and of the fortunate Success he had receiv'd in his Amours, began to conceive some Motions of Hope, by the means of the Lady *Athelia*, to obtain his desired *Mersilva*: Upon which Foundation he accoutred himself in white Satin, cut upon white Damask, and went to the Court, but being inform'd she was with the Queen, the Lady *Athelia*, and other Ladies, hunting in the Forest, he immediately mounted his Courser, and with a swift pace posted thither; where he no sooner arriv'd, but hearing the shrill Cry of the Hounds, and the loud founding of the Horns, thinking the Huntsmen were on the foot of the Game, being a desirous Spectator, but more zealous to behold the Beauty of the fair *Mersilva*, with an earnest Resolution made his Jenner advance, where traversing the Thickets, we will for a while leave them, and discourse of the Adventures which happened to the Lady *Mersilva*.

In the midst of the Game, it so chanced that the Deer which they chased, escaped from their sight; and the Troops of Knights and Ladies dispers'd themselves to attrap him; amonst the rest, there was a young Cavalier named *Blithion*, which a long Time had burn'd with Affection for the Princess *Merfilva*, and could never reap any fit opportunity to disclose himself, tho' by all Means sought to Sequester her from the Company. At last *Fortune* determining with her Beauty to administer a treacherous Accident, did by her Influence cause the harmless Princess to stray from the sight of her Associates; where ranging discontentedly, as if her Courage had been already vanquish'd by Despair, was at last most unfortunately met by this *Blithion*, who being exceedingly transported with this News, giving Spurs to his Horse, and Speed to his Courage, in a short space overtook her, where with these indecent Words, he impudently saluted her.

'Madam! I have a long time endured many Millions of Perplexities, which your Divine Beauty hath created; and I hope since Destiny is so favourable as to present my Eyes with so sweet an Object, that you will be pleas'd to grant my Affection the

'frui-

fruition of my ardent Desires; and let my Breast enjoy those Heavenly Pleasures of your amorous Embraces, without which, you will fully accomplish my untimely Martyrdom.

Mersilva smiling at his fond Speeches, but being moved at his immodesty, dying her Cheeks with a Vermilion Blush, very sharply return'd him this Answer.

Sir! if your vicious self had been ever train'd up in the School of Virtue, you would have temper'd your Words with Discretion, and not so lavishly presum'd to offend a chaste Ladies Ears with such Obscenity: but since your sottish Tongue hath utter'd that which cannot be recall'd, know, impudent Villain, that I abhor thy Suit, as the utter prejudice of my unspotted Honour, and detest thyself as the inhumane Actor of my immortal Degradation: therefore with speed depart, and instantly bid adieu to your abrupt Folly; otherwise I will acquaint the King of thy lascivious Enterprize, and instigate him to reward thy Offence, with the deserv'd Punishment of thy demerits. *Blithion* nothing dismay'd at this Answer, but rather increased the Flames of his lascivious Desire; instantly prosecuted his Suit in this manner.

'Madam, stand not so much on your Pun-
 'tilio's of Disdain; but rather consider
 'with yourself where you now are; for at
 'present you are destitute from the Court,
 'and of Assistance; so that your Honour
 'and Life is at my disposal; and to inform
 'you of my Resolution, I will not be denied
 'with Refusals, nor deluded by Delays; for
 'in spite of Fortune, I must satisfy my
 'Love, and reap the enjoyment of my long
 'desired Expectation. Therefore, Madam,
 'pray readily consent, and furnish your
 'Tongue no more with your elegant Expres-
 'sions of Coyness; otherwise you will en-
 'force me after Enjoyment, to use you with
 'such Barbarity, as my Nature would scarce
 'proffer to your lovely Sex, much less to
 'you, Madam, who I did ever adore: Come,
 'Madam, I believe you want as much Court-
 'ing as some Widows do; which I'll in-
 'form you of their Expectation.

*Sings. He that would win a Widows Heart;
 must bear up briskly to her;
 She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
 but hates the formal Wooer.*

*Mersilva greatly astonish'd at him, began
 exceedingly to weep, and sighing as if her*
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Breast would rend in sunder with insupportable Grief, continually invoking the Divine Powers to revenge her Quarrel, and to shelter her from the Rapine of this immodest Knight: at last considering that Silence was a Demonstration of Consent, disdainning ever to stain her Honour, she summoned her angry Muses, and very resolutely with an Undauntedness returned him this Answer.

‘Inhumane Knight! Since Reason will not allay your Cruelty, in permitting me to depart without blemishing my Honour, be assured, that rather than I will once consent to thy lascivious Demand, I will voluntarily be the Instrument of my untimely Martyrdom. Thereupon unsheathing a Poniard which she wore, as a second *Lucretia*, she resolved to destroy herself; but the devilish Knight espying, wresting it from her hand, prevented her; and catching hold of the Bridle, dismounted her; whereat being overcome with fear, in a Trance fell to the Ground, where metamorphosing her Cherry colour to a pale Complexion, she there lay Speechless, but coming again to herself, *Blithion* proceeded.

‘Madam, ’Tis in vain to resist, where there is none to rescue you, yet were
‘*Hercules*

'Hercules himself present, he should not
 'hinder me of my Purpose; for my sensual
 'Ardour cannot be extinguished without
 'accumulating the Roses of your Divine
 'Virginity. Which having ended, *Mer-*
silva falling on her Knees, with Tears
 trickling down her Cheeks, beseeched him
 in these Words.

'Sir! Pity the Estate of an innocent Dam-
 'sel, and rather sheath your Rapier in my
 'Breast, than bereave me of what I esteem
 'more precious than my Life; erect not I
 'beseech you, your Trophies of Pleasure in
 'the violation of my Honour, or depriving
 'the inward Treasure of my unspotted Cha-
 'stity. But the doleful Confluence of her
 Tears imbath'd her fluttering Tongue in Si-
 lence, that her exterior Fortitude permit-
 ting her not to decypher her inward Grief,
 she lay for a while Senseless, as if her
 Thoughts had been smother'd up in Discon-
 solateness; when arousing her sorrowful
 Mind with the Contemplation of approach-
 ing Danger, she suddenly started up, and
 most inhumanely tore the Tresses of her
 golden Hair, wherewith Nature had glori-
 ously imbellished her; which Tragical Ob-
 ject might have moved the most bloody
Scythian to pity; nay, have caus'd the sense-
 less

less obdurate Rocks themselves to weep,
and have taken Compassion upon her de-
plorable Condition.

But *Blithion* not moved with Remorse,
but rather burning with inordinate Desire,
to extenuate the Fire of his insatiable Lust,
esteem'd every Minute a Month, before he
had perfected his Diabolical Enterprize: so
that accepting of no Reason nor Implora-
tion, taking her by the trembling Hand, he
most viciously began to embrace her; when
being ready to make Shipwrack of her Ho-
nour, behold, *Plivio* came Galloping very fu-
riously; which *Merfilva* to her Comfort
espying, loudly cry'd out 'Ah *Plivio*! as you
'render my Affection, and value my Honour,
'assist your distressed *Merfilva*, and re-
'venge the devilish Pretence of this inhu-
'mane Monster with the Reward of his just
'Punishment.

Plivio perceiving it to be his dear *Mer-
filva*, being inflamed with Revenge, in-
stantly leaping from his Horse, with his
Sword drawn, approaching his Enemy, very
furiously uttered these Words: 'Slave
'and Villain, make ready thy Sword, for
'thou immediately diest: Which words
he no sooner pronounced, but in a Mo-
ment he lodg'd his Sword in the Offender's
Breast;

Breast; where receiving his Reward, and falling gasping to the Ground, *Plivio* first cut off his lascivious Tongue, and then sent his Soul to the Confines of *Pluto*, to tell *Tereus* and *Tanquin* he was one of their wicked Disciples. Which *Merfilva* with Joy perceiving, ran to *Plivio*, falling first to his Feet, and then again arising, embrac'd and kiss him, when after having given him many hearty Thanks, seconded by Showers of Tears, she related to him the whole Proceedings; the which when *Plivio* understood, he esteem'd himself extraordinary happy, that the Fates appointed him to arrive in so fortunate an Hour; and so having comforted his now even comfortless *Merfilva*, remounting her on her Milk-white Courser, posting together, they resolved to find out the Queen; to whose Presence being arrived, sitting with her Ladies under the pleasant Shades of Fig-trees, whose spacious Leaves kept them from the Power of the Sun's Influence; to them he gave a Relation of this Adventure, which *Merfilva* verified by a fresh Shower of pearled Tears, which like Dew on Damask Roses, distilled on her sorrowful Cheeks. Which when the Queen, together with her Daughter the Princess *Arbelia*, and

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the rest of the Ladies understood, they prais'd the Divine Powers, and gave likewise incessant Thanks to *Plivio*, for his undaunted Magnanimity, and exceedingly congratulated the Princess *Mensitova's* Preservation: They left the Forest, and return'd to the Court, where they were no sooner arriv'd, but the Queen immediately made the King therewith acquainted, who highly commended Prince *Plivio* for his Valour; and in consideration thereof honourably advanc'd him: which adding more hope to *Plivio's* desir'd Enterprize, made him not a little rejoyce at the accidental Event of such great Fortune, for perceiving himself much in the King, and Queens Favour, and likewise in the Princess *Athelia's*, in respect of her best beloved *Thalmo*, and then beholding his adored *Mensitova* reap such satisfaction in enjoying his Presence, whereupon remaining continually in the Court, he at last found *Mersitova* in her Closet, to whom he amorously address'd himself.

'Madam, all alone? a Kiss of your fair Hand for your best Thoughts. Not alone Sir, says she, for my Thoughts are my best Companions; yet my Contemplations are so frivolous, that less than what you nominate may purchase them.

The

The Prince being transported to see her in so facetious a Humour, resolv'd to prosecute his Amours, continued: 'Why fair *Mersilva*, less than a kiss from your fair Hand, or a smile from those Lips, is in Effect nothing; and Ladies will scarce thank their Lovers with so slender an Affection. Indeed, Sir, *says she*, I'll prove that to the contrary, for they are many times so effectual, that it raises their Lovers to so great a height of Ambition, that many times they take too much Priviledge.

'I, but Madam, replied *Pluvio*, these are Shadows without Substance; for there is some difference between Pretence and Performance; for the one is the others contrary. So taking up her Hand, he advanc'd it to his Lips, and kiss'd it; whereupon, with a sharp Rebuke, she return'd him this Answer.

'Sir, I little thought your Proceedings would have been so peremptory; for had I but once judg'd your Actions would have been of so large an Extent, my Absence should have given you an utter Denial.

The Prince seeing her Patience a little moved, thought to ballance his Offence with an humble Answer; and in this manner address'd himself.

'Madam

‘ Madam, your Anger carries such a Power, that where-ever it steers its Course, it sits Triumphant : Had I thought my innocent Actions would have so soon incurr’d your Displeasure, I would have prevented, by my Care, what has now happened.

Whereunto the Princess *Mersilva* reply’d, I see now, ’tis my Favour, which is the occasion of this Disorder, therefore to avoid the like for the future, you may, as you came, depart, and return when you are sent for.

‘ Madam, *reply’d the Prince*, if the Demonstrations of my Passion has created in you this Displeasure, I beseech you impute it to my Affection, which was the chief occasion; and as a Reward of my Crime, inflict on me what Punishment you think shall be Equivalent to the Offence.

The Princess *Mersilva* hereat blush’d, but in such affectionate manner, as if both Love and Disdain sat on her Cheeks, striving for Supremacy; yet at last considering she had advanc’d her words so far, and seeing the Subject so small, whereon she had grounded her Anger; instantly departed, leaving poor *Plivio* oppress’d with Love; sometimes he would walk about her

her Chamber, crying out, *O Gods, must I never be acquainted with your Power? but only through those miseries you cast upon me by it? alas! why do you furnish me with so much Frailty, and yet provoke me to Despair?* Then he would Slumber, and in his Drowziness dream of *Merfilva's Cruelty*; and in revenge thereof tear his Hair; In which Posture he so long remained, till at last *Merfilva* returned, who astonish'd to see him there present, forgetting her former Anger, ask'd him pleasantly, What Wind blew him thither? Whereupon striving to abolish his Grief, fetching a Sigh, he mildly return'd her this Answer.

‘*Madam, It is your alone Cruelty, which hath created my Sorrows, and you did not Triumph o’er my Misery, you would with Justice pity my Malady, therefore, Madam, I beseech you be not prolix in those Favours you are pleas’d to confer on me, but rather let me know my Destiny, whither I shall live your Admirer, or die your Martyr.*

The Princess observing with what fervent Zeal he pleaded did instantly, and being inspir’d with Affection, return him this Answer.

‘*Princ*

‘ Prince *Plivio*, your Valour and Virtue, having combin’d their charming force in the band of Unity, hath long since in my Breast made way for your Affection, in such a manner, that being conquer’d by the Aspect of your Magnanimity, I in all Honour remain yours; and though I have hitherto refrain’d discovering of my Affections, yet impute it not to the defect of my Benevolence, but rather to the Zeal which I had to make proof of your Constancy : But now I call the Gods to witness, that from my Heart I adore none but *Plivio*, which is the bright Morning-Star of my Felicity.

The Prince in Congratulation of this Happiness, very familiarly return’d her in this Reply.

‘ Most Divine *Mersilva* ! if my Tongue could express, or my Mind discover, the flourishing and never dying Fidelity, which is imprinted in my Breast; I should acknowledge myself bound to Nature, and indebted to Art, for enduing me with so great a Felicity : But since the Creator of my deliverance cannot sufficiently stamp the Interior Characters of my Cogitations, nor the Discoverer of my Secrets, enough worthily decypher my Affections; yet

'yet I beseech you believe that I have
 'grounded my Constancy upon so sure a
 'Foundation, and my Fidelity upon so firm
 'a Resolution, that neither the alluring
 'Events of Prosperity, nor the terrifying
 'Threats of Misfortune, can either exte-
 'nuate by flattering Shadows, or extinguish
 'by frowning Substance.

Mersilva hearing his friendly Answer,
 comforted her Senses with the assurance of
 his Affection, and mildly return'd him this
 kind Answer.

'Dear *Plivio*, being heretofore a Prisoner,
 'I am by your kind Aid and Assistance
 'set at Liberty; yet when I remember the
 'Estate of King *Samor* my Father, I cannot
 'forbear weeping, in that I should so un-
 'advisedly bereave him of a Daughter; but
 'yet the Unity of our Love link'd me to
 'your Affection, and in ruminating on
 'your Virtues, I infuse his Memory in the
 'twist of Oblivion: So that Condemn me
 'not of Disobedience, in being Obedient
 'to yourself, nor impute not the Title of
 'inhumane Ignorance to my Charge; in-
 'stead it is your Virtues which Unite me
 'to your Affections. And with that, Show-
 'ers of Tears trickled down her Cheeks
 'which the Prince perceiving, endeavouring
 'to Comfort her, said to her, 'Weep

Weep not, fair *Mersilva*, but let now the radiant Aspect of our fixed Amours, abandon the residence of Sorrow; let the Memory of our tender Affections drown the Waves of Discontent; and let the Novelty of our Friendship, triumph over insinuating Disconsolation. The Gods seem to Sympathize our Amity, and Fortune herself delights to Crown our Friendship: Fair *Mersilva*! Despair is the Path-way to Destruction; therefore cheer up your Spirits, and let a pleasant Countenance give Sorrow the Overthrow; and think not that my Familiarity shall prejudice your Estate, or diminish your Grandeur, for then were my Solicitations feigned, and my Affections folly; but the purity of my pretence, and the event of Time shall inform you to the contrary, for *Plivio* will live and die only to adore sweet *Mersilva*.

Whereupon *Mersilva* reply'd, Having an assured Hope, that you will perform no less than you Promise, I in Consideration vow to be wholly yours, and none but Death shall separate us. Thanks dear *Mersilva*, *Plivio* reply'd, and to retalliate your Affection, take my Heart and Hand, in pledge of my immortal Con-

• Constancy; vowing before the Imperial
 • Throne of Heaven, that nothing should
 • withdraw my Zeal from serving and ho-
 • nouring *Merfilva*.

Thus having plighted their Troths to
 each other, they a long time remaine
 solacing themselves; till at last Night
 approaching, which summon'd Prince *Pi-
 vio* to depart; when taking his Angelic
 Saint by the Hand, and fixing his Eyes upon
 the Divine Mirrour of her Heavenly Bea-
 ty, he with a Sigh gave her this friend-
 Farewell.

• Dear *Merfilva*, I must now be constre-
 • ned to leave you to the Chaos of your
 • ruminating Contemplations; but I will
 • repair to my Closet, and there contrive
 • Means for establishing our future Tra-
 • quillity: so that till I am again ma-
 • fortunate, by enjoying the Excellency
 • of your divine Presence, I in all faith-
 • ful Affection take my sorrowful Leave.

Merfilva changing her Countenance
 a pale Complexion, with Tears made her
 this Answer.

• Dear *Pivio*, as you value my Affec-
 • tion, let your return be with Expedition
 • for fear, lest wanting your Presence
 • I immediately die in the Contemplation

of your Absence; therefore at my sincere Request, satisfy my ardent Expectation; and in recompence thereof, as I intend to live in your Favour, so I resolve to die in your virtuous Affection. Thus with many Sighs at parting, *Merfilva* went to her Closet; and *Pluvia* betook himself to converse with his Cousin *Thalmo*, to whom he related the Event of his fortunate Proceedings, and the prosperous Conclusions of his amorous Enterprize; who being exceedingly satisfied, ask'd if his Lady were contented to leave the Court and Travel with him: He told him, he had motion'd it to her, and her Reply was very Effectual, that she would accompany me as far as the Commes of the World would permit, or I desire. Why then, reply'd *Thalmo*, the Princess *Athelia* and *Merfilva* sympathize in one Agreement, and she vows no more than *Athelia* desires to perform. To reside here is but Folly, in respect we are absent from our Native Country; and to acquaint any with our Affections is not proper; therefore let us hasten our departure, and direct our Course to our own Residence; lest prolixity of Time, discover the Secrets of our Pretence, and so the beginning of our Hopes
be

' be crost by Envy, in the bloomy Blof-
 ' soms of their Maturity; which to a-
 ' void, let us with speed thro' the Woods
 ' and Forests, convey our Ladies from
 ' Sight of any; for if the Report of
 ' our Departure reaches the Ears of King
 ' *Brihon*, he will, without question, use
 ' his utmost Severity against us, and ei-
 ' ther deprive us of our Lives or Li-
 ' berties.

Prince *Plivio* attentively listned to his
 Cousin's Exhortations, and allowed well
 of the Design, which he had contrived for
 their Retirement; the which the better
 to accomplish, he desired his Cousin *Thal-*
mo, to acquaint the Princess *Aibelia* with
 it, and he would do the like to the Princess
Mersilva, to the end, that when the Hour
 of Departure should be assigned they might
 put themselves in an Equipage, and get
 such things ready, as might be necessary
 for their Journey: Upon which Resolu-
 tion, each departed to his Lady, and in
 many amorous Terms, declared their Reso-
 lutions, and not only discover'd their Births,
 but also their direct Names; the which,
 when they no sooner understood, were ex-
 tremely satisfied, and to their Resolutions,
 very soon condescended.

By this time our two Princes having apparent Proofs of each others Affection, and burning with Desire to set forward their enterprizes; instantly appointed the next Night following, at the outer Gate, betwixt Twelve and One, they would attend the happy Arrivals of their dear Princeesses; which Warning, though short, seemed so sweet to the Ladies Imaginations, that they very pleasantly deluded the Time in familiar Discourse, till at last the Hour, as they thought being come, and no Princes appeared, they metamorphos'd their Mirth to melancholiness, and their Joy to Discontent: but alas! these Ladies were both deceived; for the Dial of their Fancies told the Hour of Affignation, before the Horologe sounded, and the Clock of their Imaginations struck Twelve and One e'er the Effluence of Twelve, and far less Eleven, was in necessary section to be finish'd; yet in such sorrowful manner they past the time, till at last their two Princes arriv'd, giving a shrill Respell, which serv'd for a Watch word; which the Ladies, to their Delight no sooner heard, but re-assuming their Courage, and a vermilion Blush taking possession of their milk-white Cheeks, they in their travel-ling

Apparel descended; at whose glorious Appearance, our two Princes advanc'd, and saluted them; no words could they utter, because their Tongues, by the power of Love, were devoted to Silence, but all that passed were Volleys of Sighs; which redoubling, each other strove which should first unite each others Heart with the sympathy of Affection. But in short, and in a Moment, they heard in the Palace a great Noise, as if all the Court had been in an Uproar; which so amazed them, that they knew not how to save themselves, nor where to convey their Ladies: till at last *Thalmen* knowing their Estate desperate, and perceiving it now behoved him to cast at all either to lose his own Life, or his dear *Athalia*, whom he esteem'd far more precious re-assuming his Courage, he to his trembling Associates said as followeth.

‘ Prince *Pluvia*, this is no Time for us to dally with, therefore with undaunted Courage lead forth your Lady, and any presume to stop your Passage, instantly sheath your Sword in the perfidious Slaves Breast; and without prolixity send his servile Soul to the Commonwealth of *Pluto*, for a meritorious Sacrifice: And you illustrious Ladies, fear not

‘ thing, for your Virtues are a sufficient
‘ Bulwark for your Preservation.

Which said, they went hand in hand, without finding any to resist ‘em; and finding the Porter in his Lodge asleep, privately took from him the Keys of the Palace; when unbolting the outward Gate, they without making any noise issued forth, where they found their Pages, each with a Horse attending them. Glad of this News, taking their Ladies behind them, they immediately mounted, and with speed gallop’d through the Streets, where in a short Time having past both Town and Suburbs, they at last began to consider what Course to take; fearing that when the King missing the Princess, he should with all possible Celerity make speed for their Apprehension, they finally resolv’d to go through the Woods and Forests, the better to shelter them from the Sight of any which should presume to follow ‘em: by virtue of which Resolution, they made that Night such speed, that before Morning they found themselves very near twenty Leagues from the Court. The next Morning as they were swiftly riding by a Forests side, through the Branches they espied a very pleasant Cottage; which both

Athelia and *Mersilvia* desirous to enter, requested their Princes to alight and accompany them, who glad in any thing that might procure their Ladies refreshment, thereunto condescended; so leaving their Pages with their Horses, they enter the Forest, directing their way to the Cottage; where they were no sooner arriv'd, but thinking to find some Shepherdess, instead thereof, beheld a very beautiful young Man, who seemed to be overcome with Grief, sitting very sorrowfully slumbering on a green Bank, having a Book, Pen, Ink and Paper close by him; and hearing the Sound of their Voices, rousing up his Spirits, came and saluted them.

“Renowned Knights, and fair Ladies: Admire not at my Sorrows, nor wonder at my Disconsolateness; for it is powerful *Fortune* which hath invested me with this miserable Calamity; but to extirpate his Tyranny, and to triumph over his Usurpation, I have here solitarily retir'd myself to this Grove, to live, though not so well contented as I could wish; yet so well pleas'd as one in my Estate can receive; my rural Cottage affords no Dainties, but Poverty; yet such as it is, if you please to accept, I shall render

render myself most fortunate, and in whatever it comes short of your Expectation, I will supply in freeness of Service and Thanks.

Our Princes and Ladies perceiving his good Humour, and the nature of his kind Proffers, thinking themselves far indebted to his Bounty, Prince *Palmo* very friendly return'd him this Answer.

' Sir, the Friendship which in our Travels you are pleased to afford us, are of that extent, that we find ourselves so far in Arrears, that we absolutely confess our Weakness to be such, as our Tongues cannot at present repay you with a just Recompence for your unmerited Favours; nevertheless, according to the Actions of Reason, and Rules of Amity, we return you very hearty Thanks for this your extraordinary Humanity, assuring you, that if ever any favourable subject presents, wherein, in Honour we may partly retaliate your Civility, you shall find us generally so willing, as the Effects thereof shall no ways tax us of Ingratitude.

Which was no sooner pronounc'd, but the Stranger taking the two Ladies by the Hands, requested them, and the two Princesses

ces to enter his Hermitage; where he presented them with a Banquet of dry'd Figs, Dates, and Apricock, with other Fruits, as that Country did afford; which being ended, he ask'd the Ladies if they would please to recreate themselves in the Garden; the which they very thankfully accepted of; so the Princes leading them, and the Stranger shewing the way, forth they went; where passing through a fragrant Walk, beset with Fir-Trees, they at last attain'd the Entrance of the Garden; where they were no sooner arriv'd, but the two Princesses after having view'd the odoriferous Flowers, and the fragrant Herbs, they to avoid the Sun's brightness, and heat, with as much Celerity as Modesty would permit, betook themselves to the Bowers, where their beloved Princes with divine Salutes and Compliments, congratulated them their happy Welcome: the Stranger viewing their innocent Familiarity, immediately wept, as if those heavenly Objects had some regal Prerogative to command his Tears; but to drive away his Sorrows which his Passion had created, he went to his Cottage, and returning speedily, brought with him an harmonious Lute; the which after having tun'd, joining his excellent Voice, he sung these Lines.

Wake

Wake all ye dead, what ho! what ho!
How soundly they sleep whose Pillows lie low:
They mind not poor Lovers that walk above,
On the Decks of the World, in Storms of Love;
No whispering now, nor glance can pass,
Through Wicket, or through Panes of Glass:
The Windows and Doors are shut up and barr'd
They lie close in th' Church & in the Churchyard:
In every Grave make room, make room,
For the World's at an end, and I come, I come.

The State is now Love's Foe, Love's Foe,
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and his Bow,
He has pinion'd his Wings and fetter'd his Feet,
Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet,
But oh sad Fate! his Fudge was old,
Hearts cruel are when Blood grows cold.
No Man being young, his Process could draw;
Oh Heav'ns that Love should be subject to Law.
Let Lovers go woo the dead, the dead,
Lie two in a Grave, and two in a Bed.

No sooner had he ended these Lines, but
he instantly began afresh to weep, and so
determining to assuage his Sorrows, with
a Complement he presently departed, walk-
ing a distance from them in a fair Summer-
house; the which our Royal Couples

perceiving, began immediately to surmise that he was in love with some cruel Lady, whose rigorous Repulse was the Motive of his Passion; but pondering on his Grief by their own Sorrows, and his Disconsolateness by their own late Distemper, they all bewail'd his Misfortune, and compassionate his Affliction; lamenting that ever their Arrival should renew his Grief, or bring that afresh into his Memory which proved his Torment. At length *Arbelia* and *Merfilva* rose up, which *Thalmeno* and *Palmo* no sooner perceiv'd, but they followed them; where passing along by a stately Pine-Tree, they upon the Bark thereof espy'd some Characters to be curiously carv'd, and approaching near, they read these Words.

[The Idea of *Florina* shall never depart my Memory.]

Which Characters perusing, and pondering what the Lady therein mention'd might be, they immediately went and advertis'd *Thalmeno* and *Palmo*, who were walking at some distance, who not a little admiring to hear the Name of *Florina* there decypher'd, began to conjecture that he might be Prince *Medor*: in respect whereof, to satisfy their ardent Desire, they

with

with their Ladies went towards him; where being entred the Bower, *Thalmeno* deliver'd himself in these Words.

'Sir, I beseech you in Friendship to certifye to me, whether you are acquainted with the Princess *Florina*, Daughter unto the King of *Numidia*; and also whether you know Prince *Medor*, Son unto the King of *Biafara*.

The Stranger no sooner heard pronounced the sacred Name of *Florina*, but he instantly fell to the Ground; when closing his Eyes, one would have thought he resolv'd as then to take his Farewel of the World: the which our Princesses no sooner beheld, but they so employ'd their best skill, that in a short time he recover'd; and raising himself, he in a sighing manner breath'd out these Words:

'*Ab Florina!* whose Name infuseth Life to my weak Senses: then fetching a deep Sigh, said, 'Most Generous Knights and beautiful Ladies, I have had the Happiness to be acquainted with the Princess *Florina*, and am that unfortunate *Medor* which you enquire for; unfortunat I may well declare, in being absent from *Florina*, the Memory of whose Divine Beauty hath this many Months been

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‘ the Goddess of my Devotions ; there-
 ‘ fore I beseech you, if you can give me
 ‘ any Information of that worthy Person,
 ‘ I would beg you in all Humanity to ease
 ‘ my Mind ; and to congratulate your Ci-
 ‘ vility, I will for ever remain your affe-
 ‘ ctionate Servant.

‘ To which *Thalmeno* reply’d, ‘ Prince
 ‘ *Medor*, as you have with that Civility
 ‘ received us, so I will no longer conceal
 ‘ from you those which are your Debtors ;
 ‘ I am *Thalmeno*, Son and Heir to the
 ‘ King of *Cicilia*, and this Prince my Cou-
 ‘ sin, Son to the King of *Egypt* ; who
 ‘ some two Years since resolv’d to Travel,
 ‘ having departed from my Father’s Court,
 ‘ directing our Course to *Africa*, and Jour-
 ‘ nying three Days alone being destitute
 ‘ of a Guide, and unskilful of the Country,
 ‘ by misfortune stray’d into an unknown
 ‘ Desert ; but *Fortune* willing to intermix
 ‘ our bitter Sorrows with some Pleasures,
 ‘ conducted us fortunately to a beautiful
 ‘ Castle, which entring, we found the Prin-
 ‘ cess *Florinda* thereof the desolate Inha-
 ‘ bitant, who having forsaken her Fa-
 ‘ ther’s Court, vow’d to remain, until
 ‘ the joyful Return of your Princely self ;
 ‘ therefore Prince *Medor*, if you please

‘ to

to Honour us with your good Company, we are bound for *Cicilia*, and immediately upon our Arrivals, with leave of the Powers Divine, we will conduct you to the melancholy Place of her solitary Retirement.

Prince *Medor* being very well pleased with this fortunate News, very freely accepted of their Proffer, and promis'd to accompany them; and with so chearful a Countenance, that in his mortiferous Spirit it seem'd the absent Idea of *Florina* had infused exact Vitality: but at last fixing his Eyes upon the sweet Object of the Ladies Beauty, and pondering on his divine *Florina*, he earnestly demanded of *Thalmeno* who those beautiful Ladies were, and what private Occasion induced them to Travel: who related to him the whole Circumstance of their Proceedings, and of their Desire to Travel to *Cicilia*; He thereupon having Complimented them in a very high manner, voluntarily proffered to conduct them through the Vineyards, and Champion Countries to the Sea-side; the Princes and Ladies being very well pleased, prepared instantly to depart, where they were no sooner arriv'd, but Prince *Medor*

very

very fortunately met with a Ship of War of *Madagascar*, which belonging to Duke *Alphonso* his Uncle, was by tempestuous Weather and contrary Winds forc'd there to take Harbour. Glad of this unexpected Opportunity, they immediately contracted a Bargain with the Master for their Passage, and with a favourable Wind they sail'd for *Cicilia*. They remained so long on the Seas, that after many tempestuous Storms, they at last safely attain'd *Gibraltar*, the Entrance of the *Mediterranean* Streights; and so with Joy keeping on their Course for the desir'd Island of *Cicilia*, they were towards Night very quietly becalmed, in such a manner, that their Ship made no way, but only floated upon the Face of *Nep-rune*, according as the slackness of the Current drave her; so that at last keeping good Watch; as the third Glass was in election to be finished, the Master walking aloft upon the spare Deck, heard the noise of Oars plowing in the Entrails of *Thetis*; whereat resolving to prevent the worst, he mounted the Main Shrowds, directing still his Eyes by his Ears, so long, till at last he espy'd a very stout Galley swiftly making towards them; at which unlook'd

for

for Accident, he with his silver Whistle alarm'd the whole Company in the Ship, who quitting their Hammocks, mounted the upper Deck, admiring exceedingly what this unaccustom'd Accident meant; but the Master shewing them the occasion, they instantly with Heroical Resolutions, fetch'd forth their Muskets, and provided all Things which might be any ways necessary for a Combat: amongst the rest, the Master Gunner burning with desire to shew some Experience of his Praise-worthy Art, requested the Captain to permit him to make a shot or two towards them: whereat condescending, a couple of half Pieces of Ordnance were provided, and discharged off with such Fury, that it not only made a Massacre amongst the miserable Slaves, but also at so sudden a motion made the Commanders themselves tremble, in such a manner, as forced them to pull in their Oars, let down their Sails, and to stand upon their Guards: which the Master perceiving, and knowing they would linger till the next Day, having appointed each his Place, and in his Absence gave the chief Officers their Charge, he immediately went down to the Cabin, to comfort our almost comfortless Lovers, who

who alas! lay in a posture of Despair; for they no sooner heard the Report of the Shot, but they generally thought it came from some near harbouring Enemy; they were all in an Extasie of Sorrow, blaming *Fortune* for his Frowns, and exclaiming against their Miseries: Which the Master perceiving, comforted them in the best manner he could, and advis'd them to be cheerful; adding moreover, that there was no Danger, and in the Morning he did not doubt of being Conqueror: whereupon our three Princes comforted their two sorrowful Ladies, who began to doubt of their own, and the Princes Safeties; which created many Tears that distilled down their Cheeks; which our Princes perceiving, and being very eager to purchase their Freedom, solemnly departed the Cabin, and thrust themselves amongst the Mariners; whom most Courageously they animated with such Exhortations, that they generally protested to Sacrifice their Lives, for the Establishing of their Tranquillities. So that when Night was expired, and Day began to draw near, our Masters and Princes so ordered their Affairs, that the Flags and Streamers were abroad playing with the Wind, and

all things ready in their proper Order; the Master upon the Poop with his Silver Sword, to wheafe them to the Lee-ward, and the Trumpets ready at the Beck, to sound the first On-set: On the contrary Part, the Galley sported herself in the Pride of her Warlike Jollity, and with a valourous Resolution came towards them; when instantly the Wind began to afresh, our Master, by the consent of the three Princes, went by their short Sails with- in Cannon-shot, resolving to attend their coming, and with Honour to fight it out: The which the Galley-Slaves perceiving, began to cry *Victoria*, thinking that they had already yielded. But, alas! they were deceived of their Hopes; for thinking to Board them, the Ship in a moment poured in her small Shot, as thick as Hail, and therewithal gave such a Broad-side, which in the Galley made such a rattling Thunder, that their Rails, Penets, yea, Hatches, and all began to advance to the Skies: There might you have seen some dangerously wounded, which lay gasping their last; some already slain, imbruing themselves in their Fellows Blood; and some, whose Heads flying from their Bodies, went to advertise their Friends of their woful Tragedies.

The

The Captain and Commanders of the Galley, raging at the unexpectedness of receiving so hot an Entertainment, disdain-
 ing to die in their Debts, bad their Gunners give Fire; where betwixt them was so furious a Fight, that it was hard to judge on which Side Victory would incline: But when the fatal Day was almost finished, where in many had lost their Lives, the Galley most dangerously received such a Shot between Wind and Water, that all within it made a hideous Cry; which our Princes understanding instantly conceived some Hopes of a Victory; whereupon they afresh let fire their Cannon, which made such Breaches in the Galley, that they seeing no hope whereon to rely, immediately yielded: Which our Princes and Company perceiving, for sudden Joy gave a great Shout for the Conquest of so Famous a Victory; when instantly they hoisted out their Shallop, and were in great Parley, which of them should go Commander: *Thalmeno* he willingly offer'd his Service, and *Palmo* he vow'd not to stay behind; but Prince *Medor*, seeing his Associates in Contention step in, and furiously protested they should both stay

and

with

with their Ladies, for he would only go Master of the Ship. They hearing of his voluntary Resolution, gave Sentence he should: Whereupon, with a Noise of Trumpets, away went Prince Medor, and Thalmeno and Palmo returned down to the Cabin, where their Ladies came reciprocally to congratulate them of their great and fortunate Victory; where so joyful a meeting betwixt them was demonstrated, that their Minds, which before swam in the Ocean of Despair, did now float upon the Waves of Pleasantry; for their pale Complexions were metamorphos'd to cherry Countenances; and their mournful Eyes which were almost drown'd in Tears, did now clear up with Vivacity; and in short, all receiv'd such Satisfaction, as my abrupt Pen cannot delineate. Prince Medor being now near the Galley, at last very resolutely entred with his Men, without finding any Opposition; who seeing they were all hid, by sound of Trumpet commanded their Appearance; who came forth in a trembling manner, and seeing their Enemies with their Swords drawn, immediately fell on their Faces and desired Pardon: Upon which submission,

mission, Prince Medor Commanded his Men, that upon pain of Death, not to hurt them, either in Body or Goods: Which the Captain understanding, came forth and begg'd his Life, which Prince Medor instantly granted: Whereupon after he was inform'd whence the Galley came, and to whom it belong'd, he to the Prince address'd himself in these Words,

‘ Although it grieves me, Courageous Knight, to be conquer’d by any, yet since my Fortune must needs endure the frowns of War, I rejoyce in my Happiness to become Tributary to so worthy a Person: therefore, Noble Sir, since you have with such Heroical voluntariness spared our Lives, I must acquaint you, that within this next Cabin, there is resident a virtuous Lady, whom Fortune hath made our Prisoner; her Extraction I know not, but if outward Deportment do’s describ inward Qualities, I presume she is some Person of noble Descent; her Behaviour, though in Adversity, is such, that as she carries her perplexity with a modest Countenance, so she Disdains to render herself Tributary to the Inconstancy of Fortune.

Prince

Prince *Medor* no sooner understood this unexpected News, but burning with Desire to know what this Lady might be, very friendly commanded the Captain to bring him to her Presence; where he was no sooner arrived, but he beheld this doleful Lady imbathing herself in Tears, lying prostrate on the Ground with her Viſage over-veil'd, and being as it were in a Lethargy; thinking that the fiſt that entered was the Harbinger of Death, and the inhumane Inſtrument of her untimely Martyrdom: But behold, it fell out otherwiſe; for when ſhe expected he would ſheath his Sword in her innocent Breſt, why even then he took her by the Lilly hand, and with an amiable Voice uttered theſe Words.

‘ Arife, fair Lady! for your Life, and Liberty is granted you: Whereat in a Moment, as being acquainted with the Voice, ſhe ſtarted, and perceived it was Prince *Medor* which pronounced that welcome Sentence, being transported with an extraordinary Paſſion, ſhe fell into a Trance Prince *Medor* perceiving this tragical unexpected Accident, failed not to employ his beſt Endeavour for her Recovery; and ſo thinking to raiſe her up,

by

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by chance the Veil falling from her beautiful Face, he perceived it to be his fair *Florina*; but being astonish'd, he doubted the sincerity of his Eyes, whilst a second surview of her Person confirm'd his Belief, and finding her to be essentially his unlook'd for *Florina*, with a swift Resolution advancing his Pace, he with open Arms went and embrac'd her; where so delightful a Meeting was betwixt them demonstrated, that from so pleasing a Solace it was meer Sacrilege to separate them: Prince *Medor* reflecting upon the Divine Object of *Florina's* Beauty, he found his Mind devoted to silence, that the review of her cherry Countenance wrapped up his Senses in an Extasie of Contentation, which forc'd him into a Trance: the which *Florina* perceiving, melting as it were into Tears of Sorrow, with her fair Hands began to corroborate his Temples; so that her sovereign Breath infusing Vitality to his sickly Senses, made him again re-assume his wonted Courage when inviting his wandering Tongue to display the Secrets of his wavering Mind, taking *Florina* by her Alabaster Hand, he pronounc'd these Words.

'Dea

' Dear *Florina*, might I finish my days in thy Embraces, or now sacrifice the remainder of my Life before thy Divine Deity, I should not only account myself favour'd of the Saints in affording me such good Fortune, but also esteem my Enterprizes more than happy, in being ratify'd by the Synod of the Gods themselves: but dear *Florina*, since the blessed sight of thy heavenly self have so freed me from the Chains of Bondage, and from the Fetters of Despair, I here present you with my Service, Constancy, and Fidelity; and as I have long since dedicated myself to your divine Beauty, so I resolve to live and die your faithful, and never wavering Servant to the end.

Medor.

Which Heavenly Speeches *Florina* no sooner heard, but overshadowing her Lilly Cheeks with a Crimson die; having immadeth'd her tender Mind in Love, and her resolutions in Affection; she in her delightful Hand taking her Handkerchief to wipe away those pearled Tears from her lovely Countenance, with an amiable, yet sorrowful Voice, she return'd him this

' Dear answer.

' Dear Prince *Medor*, were I acquainted
 ' with that friendly God which ratified
 ' thy Freedom, or with that favourable
 ' Saint which reconducted thee to my
 ' Presence : my sincere Congratulation
 ' should display itself with what Constan-
 ' cy I attended your coming, and now
 ' with what Amity I honour thy Arrival :
 ' therefore welcome Dear Prince to thy
 ' sorrowful *Florina*, and Millions of Thanks
 ' to gracious *Mars* for investing me Cap-
 ' tive to so fortunate a Conqueror. Since
 ' thy Departure I have lived most comfort-
 ' less, yet in enjoying once more thy Pre-
 ' sence, I now bury the Memory of all
 ' former Grievs in the Grave of Oblivion :
 ' invincible Affection hath so captivated
 ' my Spirits, and conquered my Senses
 ' that only I now live to respect dear *Me-
 ' dor*, and in spite of all *Fortune's* Effects
 ' resolve to die in the Lague of his de-
 ' fired Friendship.

The Prince pondering upon her affecti-
 onate Words, not able to contain such ar-
 dent Expressions, cry'd out, ' Ah Dear
 ' *Florina* ! whose sight infuses Vitality
 ' to my amazing Senses ; banish now from
 ' thy Breast the Memory of Sorrow, and
 ' let Contentment flourish in thy Mind

for now before the Shrine of thy sacred self, upon the Altar of Fidelity, *Medor* presents thee with so compleat a Portion of undaunted Friendship, as you can any ways desire, or the Gods distribute; and Dear *Florina*, since Fortune hath so ordain'd it, that now contrary to my Expectation, you are made my happy Prisoner, know Empress of my Thoughts, and Angel of my Imaginations; that in most honourable Company I am bound for *Cicilia*, where as soon as arrive, I will most willingly solemnize our Nuptials, and ratifie my beautiful *Florina* to be the sole Governess of my Breast expectations.

Florina no sooner heard the Harmony of his Speeches, but said, Think not dear *Medor*, that having long since Devoted myself yours, I will now Repent me of my Enterprize, but rather I beseech you consider, at least, if my Prayers may gain Acceptance in our Amity, that *Florina* esteems the Seal of our Nuptials, to be the entrance of her Fortuna-cy, and the uniting of our Affections, the very Quintessence of her Felicity; therefore I beseech you delay no time, but rather advance thy Enterprize; to the

‘ end, that Prince *Medor* receiving the
 ‘ chief solace of his Breast, *Florina* may re-
 ‘ ciprocally enjoy the desir’d Object of her
 ‘ immortal Affections.

To which the Prince reply’d, ‘ Why
 ‘ then my fair *Florina* make ready for thy
 ‘ Departure; to the end that I may in-
 ‘ form my Princely Associates of our
 ‘ Happiness, and so prosecute our Voy-
 ‘ age to *Cicilia*. To *Cicilia*; said *Florina*;
 and then the pearled Tears trickl’d down
 her Vermillion Cheeks; which *Medor* per-
 ceiving, desir’d her to let him know the
 occasion of that sudden Passion. To which
 she reply’d, ‘ Since I first heard you re-
 ‘ peat the Name of *Cicilia*, my present
 ‘ Joys doth afresh put me in Mind of
 ‘ my former Miseries. For, Dear Prince,
 ‘ having for thy sake sequestred myself
 ‘ from all Company, and built up my Re-
 ‘ sidence in a desolate Castle; there unex-
 ‘ pectedly arriv’d two Foreign Knights
 ‘ from *Cicilia*, who in reward of some
 ‘ small Favour I afforded them, protested
 ‘ very solemnly to research thee out, at
 ‘ least if the Confines of *Africa* did con-
 ‘ tain thee. Prince *Medor* reply’d, ‘ And
 ‘ have you not since heard of their Ad-
 ‘ venturous Proceedings? No, reply’d
 ‘ *Florina*,

'*Florina*, which much troubles me; in re-
'spect, they were Compassionate of my
'Sorrows, and Admirers of my Affecti-
'ons. Thus with much pleasant Discourse
they deluded the Time, till *Florina* rush'd
out of her Cabin, and taking him by the
Hand, said, 'Come dear Prince, let us de-
part from hence, and Crown our Miseries
with the Triumph of Content; *Fortuna*
you know is variable; therefore let us
slip no Time, while Opportunity doth
present; only this I do request of you;
that these miserable Slaves, who by
your Conquering Valour are made Cap-
tives, may without Prejudice to them-
selves or Goods, have free Permission to
depart safely.

Prince *Medor* highly Commending her
for projecting so Charitable a Virtue, very
freely thereunto condescended, and so dis-
missing his Prisoners, he Commanded his
hallop to be made ready, and with a
noise of Trumpets chearfully departed:
but long he floated not on the Surges of
Boetis, till a favourable Gale re-conducted
him safe to his Ship, where entring and
inquiring for the Princes; Answer was
instantly made him, that they were in the
Cabin, recreating the Ladies with Mu-

sick; whereupon leaving *Florina* for a while in another Cabin, he went to the Princes and Ladies, to participate of their exquisite Harmony : The which, *Thalmeno* and *Palmo* no sooner perceiv'd, but laying their Instruments aside, each particularly with his Lady, went and congratulated his safe Return, asking him the News of his Success : To which he reply'd, ' Princes and Ladies, instead of a rich Prize, I have met with an inestimable Jewel the valuation whereof cannot be cast up by the whole industrious Science of Arithmesick, nor by the noble Art of *Algebra*. No, reply'd *Athelio* and *Merfilua*, why then we believe you have taken all the Mint of *Mexico*, or else ingross'd the Minerals of *Peru*, Indeed Ladies, reply'd the Prince, that I have not, and yet I divinely rejoyce in possessing so sacred a Present. Whereunto *Palmo* and *Thalmeno* reply'd, ' The we believe, Prince *Medor*, you have receiv'd some Information of the Prince *Florina*, or else seen the resembling Image of her Beautiful Perfections. The Prince hearing the Divine Name of his *Florina* repeated, could not refrain producing some Smiles; so stepping to the

Cabin

Cabin where he had left her, taking her by the Hand, he presented her to the whole Company; at which *Thalmeno* and *Palmo* reflecting their Observations upon her Angelical Beauty, presently conjectured her to be the admired *Florina*; but not able to ratifie their suspected Assurance, looking one on the other, durst not adventure to congratulate her by the Name of *Florina*; on the other side *Florina* fixing the Influence of her Speculation upon their Aspects, immediately judged them to be *Thalmeno* and *Palmo*; but at last, after many Observations, *Thalmeno* began to believe, that it was absolutely fair *Florina*; upon which, kissing her Hand, he congratulated her.

‘ Madam, you are Thrice welcome to joyful *Thalmeno*. And Millions of Thanks to kind *Fortune*, who investing my Eyes with the Object of such unexpected Happiness! *Florina* here colouring her Cheeks with a Crimson Blush, return’d him this Answer.

‘ Thanks, Noble Prince, for your Heroical Goodness, and more than fortunate am I, to be the essential Subject of your Favours. Prince *Palmo* here interrup-

ing her, went likewise and kissed her fair hand, and congratulated her; where betwixt these three Majesticks of Affection, such joyful Expressions of Friendship was repeated, that *Athelia* and *Merfilva* sitting attentively in a Corner, (unseen of *Florina*) admired what this unlook'd for Object was; for first entertaining some Sparks of Jealousie, they conjectur'd this beautiful Favourite was come on purpose to frustrate their Expectations: but instantly ballancing the Fidelity of their Princesses by their own Affections, they both thought in point of Friendship, and to satisfy their Curiosity, to advance and congratulate her: but Prince *Medor* standing at some distance, and conjecturing by the change of their Countenances, that their Thoughts were in some disorder, interrupted them in this manner.

‘ Fair Princesses, To be impartial, this fine Lady which is here presented to your Eyes, is my admired *Florina*, whom I honour and adore, as the Goddess of my Felicity. *Athelia* and *Merfilva* hearing this, and infusing into their Minds the unlook'd for Event of this happy Accident, demonstrating by their smiling Spectacles, that their Hearts were inwardly

filled

filled with Joy and Gladness, return'd him this Answer.

' Prince *Medor* we heartily congratulate you, and do exceedingly rejoyce, that the Celestial Deity hath crown'd all our Affections, after our Sorrows; and that Fortune hath smiled upon you, in the happy Arrival of your Divine *Florina*! Whereupon, they each of them saluted her, and congratulated her happy Wellcome. Many affectionate Sighs, sweet Smiles, and piercing Countenances were on each side, with Demonstrations of Joy for Prince *Medor*'s and the Lady *Florina*'s happy Meeting. And now having finished their Congratulations, they wished themselves safely landed upon the Shores of *Cicilia*; the which the Master of the Ship perceiving, failed not to the utmost of his power to shorten their Sea-faring Voyage: so that hoisting one more Sail, and plowing through the Entrails of the Sea, they at last in a radiant Day very fortunately espied the Coasts of *Cicilia*: which the Master perceiving, went immediately and advertised our Royal Company of this fortunate News; which no sooner was reported to them, but instantly leaving their amorous Discourse, they

very chearfully, being desirous of that long wish'd for Sight, mounted the Upper Deck, by which time the Wind continually freshing, they were almost approaching the Shore; the Prospect of which so reviv'd their sickly Senses, that Prince *Thalmeno* at last seeing the Ship at an Anchor, commanded the Boatswain to set them on Shore.

In which time the three Princesses went to their Cabinets, and adorn'd themselves in a very rich manner, that they rather resembled Celestial Nymphs, than Humane Beauties, and sacred Queens than Terrestrial Princesses. The happy Hour of their Departure being come, hand in hand, like Saints of Felicity, they rushed forth, presenting themselves to their Princes; who attending their Arrival, receiv'd them with extraordinary Demonstrations of Joy. Then generally taking leave of their Company, and the Shallop being ready, they most gallantly departed; at whose Farewell, the Master gave such a thundering Volley of Ordnance, that the rebounding Echo thereof drave the harbouring *Cicilians* into an affrightment; presupposing that some foreign Enemy was come to invade them, that in whole Troops they

directed

directed their Course to the Sea-side; upon whose obdurate Sands with Drums beating and Colours flying, they attended their Landing.

Our Princes perceiving this unexpected warlike Assembly, could not imagine the Occasion of this Hostility; but to prevent the worst, they commanded a Flag of Truce to be demonstrated, and so drew near the Shore: Which the *Cicilians* espying, they desired to know of what Country they were, and what this unaccustomed Alarm meant, and so advanced to prevent their Landing. But Prince *Thameno* not minding their flourishing Bravado, commanded the Boatswain to set 'em on Shore: which no sooner was effected, but they congratulated their Ladies safe Arrival, and each taking his Lady by the Hand, they very courageously went forwards. The *Cicilians* thought to have had some hot Skirmish, but instead thereof, meeting with this weak Company, they dragg'd their Ensigns with Laughter in the Dust, which before were display'd in the Air. The chief Commanders, out of Curiosity, desir'd to learn what this Tragi - Comedy meant, advanced their Pace towards our Royal Company,

where glancing their Eyes upon the Beauty of the Ladies, they at last fix'd their Eyes upon the Princes, and apparently perceived their Sovereign young Prince *Thalmeno*, to be there present: At which unexpected Sight, they threw away their Weapons of War, and went and prostrated themselves at his Feet. Which Prince *Thalmeno* perceiving, after having gratified their loyal affectionate Humility, with Thanks, commanded them to muster up their Forces, and so to accompany him, and his Princely Associates to the Palace. Which News was no sooner noised amongst the Camp, but they were all ready at their Arms, and gallantly march'd forwards; the King by this time was advertised of the welcome News of the Prince his Son's Arrival, and instantly commanded three stately rich Coaches to be sent, to conduct him, and his Royal Companions to the Court; which was done with such speed, that in a short Time they drew near the Suburbs of *Messina*, which being the Capital City of *Cicilia*, was so adorned on both Sides the Way, with rich Tapestry Hangings on the Windows and Balconies, Cannons and Ensigns planted on the Bulwark and Towers,

ers, in so pleasant a manner, that their outward Pomp was a Demonstration of their inward Affections. The King his Father being certified of his near approach, accompanied with the Queen, and a great Concourse of Ladies and Cavaliers, very Majestically went forth to meet them, where before the Port Royal, he was graciously received, in such a manner, as befitted his Royalty; the Queen likewise embraced him, and with joyful Tears congratulated his Welcome. Having ended the Ceremony, with their beautiful Ladies, they in great Magnificence Rode on to the City, at whose joyful Entrance, the Loyal Inhabitants caused their Pieces of Ordnance to be discharged; the Streets also, as they pass'd, were beautified with many stately Pageants; where to demonstrate the Citizens voluntary Kindness, this Royal Company was feasted with curious Banquets, presented by Virgins of excellent Beauties: thus passing the Streets in Splendour, through a Lane of warlike young Men of the City, they at last arrived to the Palace, where a double Court of Guards, commanded by the chief Nobles of the Island, most famously received them.

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Thalmene having given the King his Father an Account of his Proceedings, and likewise of the virtuous Dispositions of the three Angelical Ladies, but especially of the Princess *Athelia* : The King willing to try the Experiment, whether she were adorn'd with such rare Perfections as his Son affirm'd, very privately invited her to a secret Conference : where entertaining her with sundry intricate Questions, as well of Wit, as Loyalty ; Love, as Modesty ; he at last found her so compleatly virtuous, that comparing her Ingenuity with her Princely descent, he accounted himself happy to be endu'd with so gracious a Daughter, and his Son most fortunate in being blest with such a Matchless Beauty. The Queen likewise observ'd her modest Deportment, and Princely Qualities to be so adorn'd with affable Demonstratives of Goodness, that she thought her not only to be a second *Diana* for Modesty and Chastity, but also an excellent *Calliope* for ingenious Curiosity.

Whereupon she immediately thought that no greater Happiness could attend her Son, than to be grac'd with so sweet a Princess, so that the King and Queen both sympathetically triumphing, could
not

not be satisfy'd, until they had assign'd a Day to perform their Nuptials: which was not long prefixing, for the next Festival Day was appointed. Which heavenly News *Thalmeno* and *Athelia* no sooner understood, but with many Millions of amorous rejoycings they attended the Hour wherein their Expectations should be crown'd.

But to return to our other Princes and Ladies, who being inform'd of Prince *Thalmeno*'s fortunate Proceedings, wish'd themselves the like Enjoyment: which *Thalmeno* perceiving, measuring their languishing Sickness by his own Distemper, went immediately to the King his Father, and humbly requested that his two Princely Companions might likewise under his gracious Favour, enjoy their virtuous Princesses: which he so authentickly Solicited, that the King his Father to it soon condescended, and that one Day should consummate the general Triplicity of their Marriages.

This News was no sooner related by *Thalmeno* to *Palmo*, Prince *Medor*, and the Princesses, but being extreamly well pleased, they heartily thank'd him for so great a Favour. While these Royal Lovers were
with

with pleasant Amours, beguiling the time, the King was very diligent in making preparations for their Solemnity; and the more to dignifie that day with Heroical, Triumphs, he through his whole Island, by his Herald, commanded a Tilt and Tournament to be proclaim'd; whereunto not only the Nobles of his Dominions should be welcome, but also all foreign Princes and Cavaliers whatsoever, might have free Access. The Report whereof was no sooner dispersed through the neighbouring Nations, but to *Cicilia* came in great Numbers, many valorous Troops of magnanimous Martialists, so that at the Time appointed, as there wanted not Crouds of Spectators to behold the Triumphs, so there needed not innumerable of Cavaliers to satifie their Expectations.

And now the joyful Day being come, which as the ingenious *Cicilians* did illustrate with Terrestrial Bravery, so the Gods themselves, in the Synod of their Resolutions did determine to adorn it with Heavenly Beauty: For *Aurora* had no sooner given the Night an overthrow, but splendant *Titan* began with his golden Rays to embellish the Day; when the Streets being hung with curious Tapestry,
the

the Pageants adorned with glistering Art, and the Steeets strewed with pleasant Flowers; by many Kings, Queens, Lords and Ladies, these, our Royal Lovers, were most Majestically conducted to the Temple, where the Solemn Matrimonial Rites were Celebrated: then turning to the Palace, they were with sumptuous Feasts, curious Dances, and Sarabands, with stately Masks, and variety of Musick, so extraordinarily Entertained, that the Description thereof I cannot sufficiently relate. The Day now being over-veil'd with obscure Night, Summons these our amorous Lovers to their Bed-Chambers; where the Doors being shut, we will leave them to their amorous Pleasures, and return to the next Day, wherein the Heroical Feats of Chivalry were to be accomplished.

The Morn was Fair, the Skies bright, the Wind calm, and *Phæbus* in his radiant Pavillion, delighted to Grace the Circumference of the Day, with his meridional Beauty: The Tilts being built, the Cavaliers ready, and the Herald prepared; let us a while leave the Court, and with Valour direct our History to the
Camp;

Camp; wherein a Gallery, Theatre-manner was so industriously built, that the Royal Assembly, and Beautiful Ladies, might at their Ease be Spectators, and in Safety sit Unprejudic'd of any. Now to begin with the Articles projected for Tilting, it was thus ordained,

‘ That the *Cicilians* should Answer all
‘ Comers.

Whereupon by the King's Command, the Herald sounded to the Combate; when instantly a *Cicilian* Knight, gallantly Mounted, entred the List, was presently met by a Warlike *Hungarian*, who at the first Encounter, lodging his Launce in his Enemy's Breast, very valorously unhors'd him; to revenge whose Infamy, another *Cicilian* saluting the King, fetching his Career, galloped within the Lists; which, as the first, was by the *Hungarian* in a moment vanquished. The King astonish'd hereat, by his Royal Page, sent the Conqueror a Present; and so extolling highly his Valour, commanded two fresh Champions to be admitted; which instantly was accomplish'd: but

waving

wavering *Fortune* resolv'd for a Time to smile on the strange Cavaliers, did by the instinct of her Influence, continually flord them Victory; so that of twenty *Cicilian* Champions, which Encountred that Day, not one remained Conqueror, but all to their immortal Shame, return'd Vanquish'd, The whole Assembly admiring hereat, could not refrain from Astonishment; the which the King remarking, instantly commanded the Triumphs for that Day to break off, and so the general Assembly departed. The Rumour of this was noised abroad, and almost in the Court no other News, but the Vanquishing of the *Cicilians*. Our three young Princes, *Thalmeno*, *Palmo* and *Medor*, much incens'd to see their Associates defeated, animating their Breasts with Honour, Fame and Magnanimity; they at last resolv'd, next Morning privately in Person, in despite of all the Effects of *Fortune*, to maintain the Combat: Upon which Determination, they went to the King's Armoury, and chose each of them a set of very rich Armour, imboss'd with fix'd Stars, and Roses of fine Gold; and the better to bring about their Designs, they under-hand so secretly wrought

wrought with the King, that the next Morning, to decide the Combat, there should be on each side Elected three Champions, whereof, whosoever remained Conqueror, should be invested with the *Olympian* Garland of Victory.

Whereupon *Aurora* no sooner appear'd in the Purple Sky, but the Drums traversing the Streets advertised all, as well Natives as Foreigners of the King's intended Resolutions, The *Cicilian* Knights not knowing of the three Princes Intentions, prepared themselves for the Combate, and so likewise did the Strangers, amongst whom they Elected three Magnanimous Princes, whose Names, anon, shall be related. In short, the King, Queen, and three Princesses, with the rest of the Nobility, were again seated in the Theatre, burning with Desire, to know on which side *Fortune* would incline : The Herald no sooner sounded to the Combate, but three strange Champions entred the List, being gallantly Mounted in silver Armour, enamelled with Azure, their Plumes all white and blue, prefiguring Hope : On the contrary part, whilst the *Cicilians* were in dispute, which,

which Three should enter, three gallant Cavaliers, being *Cicilians*, unexpectedly arrived; richly mounted upon Snow-white Barbarian Coursers, Apparell'd in green Armour, their Plumes crimson and white, displaying the Beauty of their Ladies: The King and Company admiring who these unknown *Cicilians* were, commending their Valour, and Martial Dexterity, Commanded them for to begin.

The two foremost having paid their Obedience, giving Spurs to their Horses, very valourously advanc'd; at which furious Encounter, they both so gloriously behaved themselves, that it was difficult to Censure whose side Victory did most favour; but at last, the *Cicilian* making a short turn, planting his Launce in the Enemies Crest, very gallantly bore him off the Saddle, to the no little rejoycing of the whole Assembly: The second Stranger, not any ways Discouraged with his Companions Misfortune, very Courageously, set forwards; who being by the next *Cicilian*, as bravely met, were both at first, very near Dismounted; in which Triumphant Combate, having broken their Launces, they retir'd; but no sooner

sooner were they furnish'd by their Pages with fresh Launces, but giving Spurs to their Coursers, they again advanc'd, where the *Cicilian* so gallantly behav'd himself, that at the next Encounter, he forc'd both Horse and Man to the Ground with such fury, that the whole Assembly thought he had bid a final Adieu to the World : Which the third Champion perceiving, with an undaunted Resolution gave Spurs to his Jennet ; so the last *Cicilian* Knight seeing him approach, with a valorous Courage ran to encounter him ; where betwixt these warlike Heroical Martialists so many Acts of Chivalry was demonstrated, that the whole Assembly gave such Expressions of Joy, at the viewing of so rare a Combate, that they were infinitely well pleas'd. But to conclude, as the Influence of Time giveth a full period to all Terrestrial Accidents, so in the twinkling of an Eye, this strange Cavalier was by the *Cicilian* Knight most famously vanquish'd, to the no little rejoicing of the Spectators ; but also to the satisfaction of the King himself ; who for this fortunate Victory, came in Person to gratifie these Conquerors with his Royal Thanks ; where, being unarm'd, espying

ing them to be his Son *Thalmeno*, with the other two Princes *Palmo* and *Medor*, very courteously went and embras'd them congratulating the Conquest of their Magnanimities. The Queen likewise being advertis'd of this unexpected News, accompanied with the Princesses *Atbelia*, *Mersilva* and *Florina*, together with a numerous Train of glistering Ladies, came also to congratulate them, and so after many Complements and amorous Ceremonies were past, conducted them in a most triumphant manner to the Palace; where they were no sooner arriv'd, but burning with Desire to know who these vanquish'd Knights were, they so far prevail'd with the King, that he presently dispatch'd away a Nobleman, to invite them to the Court: when instantly the vanquish'd Cavaliers, accompany'd with many Troops of valorous Knights, directed their Pace to the Court, where passing the silver Hall and golden Gallery, they were conducted into the Presence, where the King, Queen and Princesses, under a glorious Crimson Canopy of State, imboss'd with Diamonds, attended their Arrival; at whose Entrance, descending their Thrones, they advanc'd

to

to Complement them : but our Three Beautiful Princesses just going to Complement them, glancing their Eyes upon their Physiognomy, immediately perceived they were their unexpected Natural Royal Parents : The sudden Vision whereof, put them in some Disorder; yet it was so innocent, that it rather was a Friend, than an Enemy to their Beauties : They quickly suppress it, and betwixt Love and Duty, prostrated themselves at their Feet, craving Pardon : at which amazing Accident, the Cavaliers, seriously observing their Beautiful Complexions, found them, absolutely, to be their only Daughters; so that Natural Affection, created Tears of Ravishing Joys from their Eyes, being Transported beyond Measure, at this unexpected Fortune, they raised them from the Ground, and fixing their sight upon each others Countenances, they a long time remained Silent; but at last, accumulating their Senses, in a joyful Acclamation, spoke these Words,

‘ Welcome dear Daughters to your
‘ sorrowful Parents, and Millions of
‘ Thanks to sacred *Jehovah*, for investing
‘ our Eyes, with these so long desired
‘ Objects.

‘ Objects. Which the King, with his Queen, no sooner heard, but perceiving them to be the Happy Parents of these Virtuous Ladies, in a most Affectionate manner went and congratulated them, blessing the Divine Hour, which afforded them the Honour of their Presence, and Rejoycing, in their Arrivals they were made so Fortunate. The Three Angelical Princesses all this while with Tears in their Eyes, stood trembling, fearing lest their Fathers would reprove them for breach of Duty: Which their Parents perceiving, demanded the Occasion of their Disconsolateness; but they dying their Complexions with a Vermilion Blush, stood meerly Silent: Which King *Druino* remarking, stept to their Fathers, and related to them, that being Married without their Royal Consents, he supposed the Discoverv of it, they were fearful would incur their Displeasure: ‘ Married! said their Fathers, ‘ Royal Cousin, I beseech you to whom? To which King *Druino* reply’d, ‘ *Athelia* ‘ to Prince *Thalmeno* my Son, and Heir ‘ apparent to my Crown; *Merflwa* to ‘ Prince *Palmo*, Son to *Blithgora*, King ‘ of *Egypt*, and *Florina*, to Prince *Me-*
‘ *dor*,

dor, Son to *Orlando*, King of *Biafara*. The which these Royal Parents no sooner understood, but rejoycing in that their Daughters were so honourably match'd, they went and most Affectionately Embraced them. King *Druino* seeing them therewith so well satisfy'd; moreover told them, That it was those three Princes, their Sons-in-Law, that so Valorously had conquer'd them; which again administred so much Joy, that they desired to bless their Eyes with the happy Object of their unknown Sons Personages; which immediately was perform'd: For our Heroical young Princes, no sooner understood this strange News, but instantly posting to their Presence, they very Obediently saluted them, imploring Pardon for their audacious Enterprizes; which with a Gracious Reply, was soon granted, them, so embracing them in the sight of their Daughters, with an Affectionate Sympathy, they, in publick view, generally ratify'd, that which before was solemnly Celebrated.

King *Druino* perceiving this unexpected Heroical Meeting, remarking how their sweet Martialists of Affection were with their sweet Princesses fortunately

United,

Royal Flower of Fidelity.

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United, fail'd not, in most Triumphant Order, to embellish this Royal Assembly with extraordinary Grandeur: so as Banqueting these Foreign Kings with such Princely Entertainment, as was Equivalent to their Royal Persons, he a long time retained them in his *Cicilian* Kingdom, to the no less Joy of his faithful Subjects, than Admiration of all Foreign Spectators; many Days were expir'd in solemnizing these Triumphs, the Honour whereof mounting the Skies, will till Eternity, redound to the *Cicilian* Fame.

The Three renowned Kings seeing it now high time to draw homewards, because they knew the publick Affairs of their Kingdoms requir'd their Presence, prepar'd themselves to depart; and so gratifying King *Druino* for their Royal Entertainment, and taking their Gracious Leave of the Queen and Nobility of *Cicilia*, they at last with their Princely Sons and Daughters, Embark'd themselves: When a favourable Gale blowing them from the *Cicilian* Coast, did most pleasantly re-conduct them in Safety to their own Kingdoms: So as *Tbalmeno* being with his fair *Arthelia* arriv'd in the
Terri-

territories of *Zanfara*; *Palmo*, with his sweet *Merfilva*, in the Country of *Bohemia*, and *Medor*, with his dear *Florina*, in the Confines of *Numidia*, they all happily there lived in the height of most amorous Affection; till at last, Death Summoned their aged Parents to pay Nature her Due; and being deprived from the Vanity of this Earthly Kingdom, to be invested Saints in the Celestial Monarchy, our young Princes were in their stead, most Triumphantly Crowned, where Living in great Tranquillity, they a long time Reigned, to the Joy of their Subjects; and their own Hearts Content.

FINIS.